

The Autobiography
of
Otis Taylor Amory, M.D.

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O. H. Curran

The Autobiography
of
Otis Taylor Amory, M.D.

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1535259

Written to my brothers and sisters and all other descendants of John Franklin Amory and Maria Elizabeth Messick Amory, in whom our Heavenly Father must have been well pleased.

Dedicated to the most wonderful character that I have
ever known, my wife, Marcie Hewell Tuck
Amory, and to my son, Otis Taylor
Amory, Jr., to whom I am
devoted.

The Amorys of Poquoson

Ancestral Chart*

Thomas C. Amory, Sr.
m. Susanna Russell-1815

Mary Susan Amory

Thomas Chamberlaine Amory, Jr.
m. Jane Martin

John L. Amory

Thomas C.

George W.

Derusha

John Franklin

Irella

Emma

Elizabeth

Mary Jane

m.

Elizabeth Messick

Annie

Thomas

George

Maria Jane

Alfonzo

Lorenzo

Gertie

Herbert

Otis

Capres

Lloyd

Annie m. Healey Topping

1. Iola
2. John F.
3. Lillian
4. John Franklin II
5. Gertie
6. Rosalyn

Thomas m. Mary Hunt

1. Archie
2. Gertie
3. John Thomas
4. Marshall

George m. Bernie Lawson

1. Lorraine
2. Pauline
3. George W., Jr.
4. Endora
5. Mary Hunter

Maria Jane unmarried

Alfonzo m. Annie Bishop

1. Bishop
2. Harold

Lorenzo m. Winnie Lawson

1. Marvin
2. Lorenzo
3. Caroline
4. Edgar
5. Charles
6. Winifred

Gertie m. Henry Buchanan

1. Elizabeth
2. Katherine
3. Edna

Herbert m. Minnie Forrest

1. Helen
2. Evelyn
3. Charline

Otis m. Marcie Tuck

1. Otis T., Jr.

Capres m. Mary Settle

1. James

Lloyd m. Althea Nottingham

1. Lloyd R., Jr.

*A more detailed report of the Amory genealogy will be found in the last chapter.

I

In this short resume of my life, there are three compelling forces which I feel my brothers and sisters will appreciate. It is for them and the other descendants of my father, John Franklin Amory, and my mother Maria Elizabeth Messick Amory, that I endeavor to write this message.

Others, perhaps, have been left more financial, social, and political inheritance, but none has been left a more wholesome and Christian rearing than these two godly individuals have left us. Truly, there can be no greater inheritance than this. Anyone who knew them needs no further reference to their lives and the great heritage they have passed on to us to protect with all that we have, but the later descendants who were not fortunate enough to have known them will, I am sure, be interested in a brief record of the history of the family. This brief record, which will be given in a later chapter, is one of the reasons for this essay.

In the summer of 1905 the greatest event of my life occurred. Late in the afternoon of a July day Brother Tom, true to his promise, made every effort to introduce me to the girl of my dreams, but on that particular occasion, after having worked all day on the *Jessie Lewis* (a packet-line boat), I was in no position to be formally introduced to anyone. I am sure this girl of sixteen recalls that incident, but that night I had the great pleasure of meeting her. She is the second compelling force that prompted this short essay.

The third great force that came into my life occurred about two a. m. in early July, 1945, when I had reached a critical stage of my life. My professional knowledge with other circumstances, caused me to know that my end was rapidly approaching. I had for years followed the lessons taught at my mother's knee, but it seemed this night that there was nothing before me but darkness. In

my desperation I pled with my father and mother to intercede for me, the results of which will be described later.

These three things, I feel as though my brothers and sisters will understand and will want to know more about as they have not been described to them previously.

II

John Franklin Amory was born May 14, 1846. After a very successful life in every detail, he departed this life on November 16, 1930, truly leaving his impression on his family, community, and state.

Maria Elizabeth Messick was born May 10, 1848, and after contributing more than any other single individual I know to her home, family, and church, departed this life on March 15, 1919.

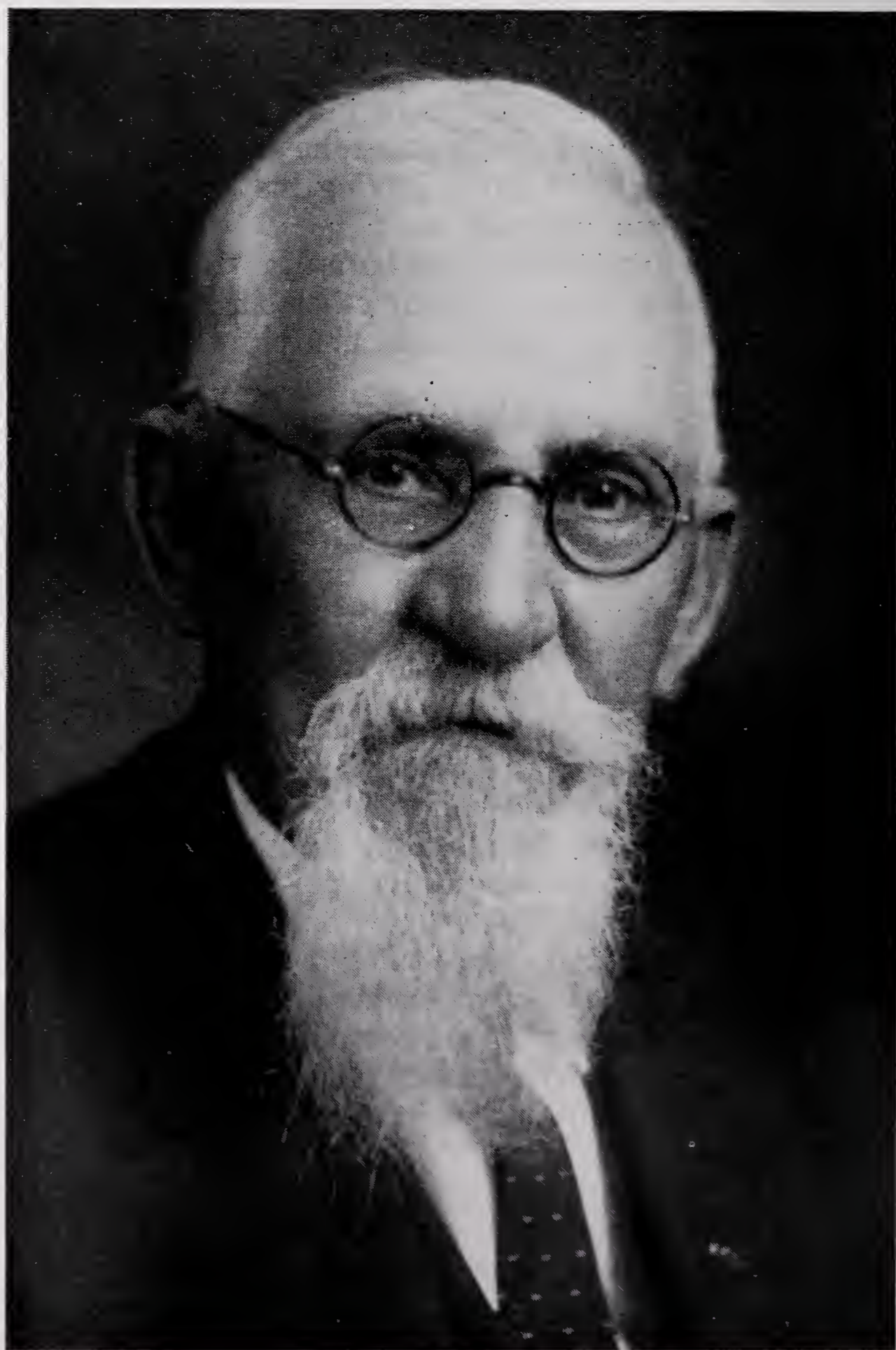
They celebrated their Golden Anniversary on January 7, 1919, after, in the words of my father, "spending fifty years in one glorious honeymoon." He stated on that occasion that he had never known Lizzie to say one unpleasant thing about anyone—never criticizing her station in life, her adversities, or any other circumstances that arose — always faithful, loyal, and truly a ministering angel.

Daddy told of his engagement to Mother in these words. He said they went down to Back River, and there he pointed out a canoe and said to her, "Lizzie, that canoe is mine." Then they returned to their home—the old house in which he was born—and he showed her three pigs in a pen and said, "Lizzie, they are mine also. With these, my earthly possessions, and my love I ask you to marry me." We who have known her so well can hear her now saying, "Frank, what more could any girl ask?"

All of you will recall the following poem read that night by the late Rev. D. J. Traynham:

THE GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

Well, Brother Frank Amory and Sister Lizzie, your
wife,
This is the fiftieth anniversary of your married life.
Sir, in this house where you were born
We have met, but not to mourn.
In your faces as we gaze,



Father



Mother

Our hearts are filled with love and praise
That the Lord has spared you so long,
To thrill the hearts of this mighty throng.
Before you are descendants, in number forty-one;
To match these it is hard to do so under the sun.

Some are loving and some are sweet,
Others are pretty and hard to beat.
Of this vast crowd you must be proud
Of children, in number ten;
Two are girls and eight are men.
Seven of these boys companions have taken;
They don't want you to feel by them forsaken,
So on your bed a golden quilt they will spread—
So when comes the winter's blast
You can be comfortable till it's passed.

The place for this quilt is on your bed;
If perchance it lasts until you are dead
Then, if in your family someone is old,
It shall pass to that one to keep him from the cold.
If in your home any of this crowd should roam—
And this quilt is not in its place,
They must put it there post haste.
Your grandchildren here number twenty-eight;
It would take a Hampton lawyer to keep them straight.
Your great grandchildren number three on the roll—
May they increase one hundredfold.

In this frame contains an invitation
To this most important celebration;
In this house hang it on the wall
As your ten children agree to do, one and all.

As you are getting old,
Each has brought a piece of gold.
Now they will hand it over—
May you be as happy as a pig in clover.

In conclusion let me say, this has been a wonderful day.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Captain Frank,
A gentleman of the upper rank.
Three cheers for Sister Lizzie,
Who this gang has kept so busy.

You will also recall the gold coins that they presented to us on that occasion, all of which I am sure can be found in our safety deposit boxes regardless of the gold embargo placed some years ago. A great honor was be-

stowed upon us when we were permitted to present to Trinity Church, York County, which they served so well for over fifty years, the Communion Table in their memory. It is also not only a distinct pleasure but a real privilege that we have in building to their memory a home on the old family site which will house some superannuated Methodist minister and his wife so they can live the remainder of their lives in love, peace, and harmony on that soil which is so sacred to our memory.

III

A

My early life was not unlike that of any other normal country boy reared in Poquoson in the tidewater of Virginia. It was lived fully in accordance with that part of rugged country life, full of hard work but also full of play, hunting, fishing, and other activities indulged in by the youth of that day. The religious home training that I received at that time has stood the test of my later life. All through my college days and professional life I have never seen the time when I did not feel very definitely the full impact of my mother's prayers.

Looking back on my early home life, there are many factors that are worthy of relating. Having reached the stage in life where old men dream dreams, I am no exception and I think all of us can spend a few happy moments re-living the life of the old home and its surroundings. It is good for one to reminisce in later life. Several years ago, at the beginning of my professional career, I was appalled at the lack of study and consideration given by the medical profession to the old ladies and gentlemen to whom we were called to administer. At that time and until now, there has been very little done toward investigation and study of these old people, but I am delighted to know that a journal has just been started entitled, *Geriatrics*, which is the science and study of the aged. This should be a great boon to the people of this era as nothing is more pathetic professionally than to realize that there is nothing one can do to relieve them medically.

While searching for some method whereby I might assist these aged in the sunset of their lives, I started the following procedure which worked so beautifully in Dad's case and many others. I would have these people write their autobiography, putting in only the things they wanted to, with full permission to omit all the unpleasant

things. It is a source of great pleasure to me to see these old people with nothing else to do but think of their end, adapt themselves and live over again their childhood and adult life. They would recall many things long since forgotten and become so interested in reviewing their life that they would momentarily forget their present pains and aches and live so much in the past that they really anticipate the future.

You will recall how interested Daddy became in the procedure of reviving the construction and utilities of the old log canoe. He spent literally days investigating the canoe and as a result, with the assistance of the Mariner's Museum, we had Clyde Smith build one. The various stages of the construction of the canoe were photographed and I cherish my copies of these pictures. Purely through a method started by Daddy, the Mariner's Museum has published a book on the construction of the old log canoe; had this been postponed even a few years longer, that art would have been lost forever. Who knows what may be developed in the future for future posterity through the autobiographies of older people, in addition to the great joy and pleasure given them through such a review?

In attending the movie of the Sullivan brothers I could not help seeing my brothers and sisters some forty or fifty years ago, only there were ten of us instead of five. It would be hard for anyone else to realize that eight boys occupied four double beds in one room, and what a grand time we had—to the great discomfiture of my father and mother! The first one dressed was elaborately arrayed, the others receiving less and less until the last one was practically a "September Morn." The pillow fights, hiding each other's apparel, and playing other practical jokes were the order of our lives.

Our home was the gathering place for everyone from the preacher to the peddler, and it was very seldom that there were not two or three guests present. We needed no other entertainment as we furnished our own, and nothing gave us more joy and pleasure than being to-

gether, which practice has continued to this day.

There were a great many cousins and other relatives that invariably made our home their headquarters. Other than my brothers and sisters, perhaps my cousin, John Watkins, was my closest friend. What mischief I couldn't think of, John was sure to supply, and nothing gave us more pleasure than a gun and a few shells for a day's hunting on the marshes of Poquoson. On one occasion we became desperately hungry and decided we would have an oyster roast. We built a fire, not noticing that the surrounding bulrushes were supporting the fishing nets of a great many Poquoson inhabitants. The wind came up very strong from the southeast and the fire quickly got from under our control, spreading to the surrounding bulrushes and burning the fishing nets. We were so frightened that we ran home, deciding not to tell anyone of what had occurred. You can imagine our alarm Sunday morning when that was the main topic of conversation before and after church services; John and I looked at each other very sheepishly, but retained our information. Years afterwards when John had established himself in business in Newport News and I had graduated and was practicing medicine here, we went out to reimburse those people for the losses that we had caused them. Instead of being reprimanded, we became the object of great interest over the fact that we had kept this knowledge through the years.

Many other similar incidents can be recalled, such as stretching the telephone wire across the highway on Saturday night, expecting to trip some younger fellow, when Mr. Joe Evans fell over it almost breaking his neck. The pumpkin gourd set up on a stick in the graveyard with a light in it and other similar episodes can be recalled with a great deal of pleasure.

B

At the age of eighteen I entered Randolph-Macon Academy at Bedford, Virginia, under the presidency of Sumpter Smith. Under this great teacher my faith in

man and God were forever strengthened. It was very difficult for me to adapt myself to the confines of four walls under the strict discipline at Randolph-Macon of that day, but I have looked back on that part as the happiest of my life. Many incidents occurred there which are very refreshing to recall.

Professor Smith served his generation well, and there are thousands of successful religious business and professional men today who owe their present status in a large part to this great soul. Among other faculties of this leader—to my great relief—was a keen sense of humor and appreciation of a good joke. Dr. Peter White of our community can testify to this. Peter, who entered the Academy my second year, was a little older than the rest of the students, and therefore it was very difficult for him to adjust himself to academic life, which adjustment was certainly not helped by the many pranks I instigated against him. However, I hasten to explain that Peter always took our jokes in the spirit in which they were intended.

It was compulsory for everyone not participating in athletics to take gymnasium each day and you had to have a permit from your parents to excuse you from such classes. My permit did not arrive the first day so I attended gym class. The comic antics of Peter in his blue serge suit, tan button shoes, brown derby, high celluloid collar and cuffs, with everyone else in gym suits was, to say the least, very amusing to the other younger boys, although he managed to get through the exercises without any serious complication from the director's standpoint. The next afternoon I, having received my permit from Daddy, did not attend gym. Immediately after gym exercises Peter came to my room and wanted to know why I was not present. I told him that I went to Professor Smith and told him that, man to man, I would not take any such foolish stuff and advised Peter to do likewise, so up the long corridor he hurried. Approaching the rostrum he very loudly proclaimed that he was free, white, and twenty-one, and therefore he was not going to take

gym. When Peter was able to speak after Professor Smith had practically choked him to death, he agreed very firmly that he would take anything presented and offered a very profuse apology. Upon seeing me peeping around the door at the entrance of the study hall, he immediately went into high gear and so did I. My only thought was to reach the swimming pool ahead of my pursuer, knowing he could not swim and knowing that was my only means of escaping. However, he caught me before I reached the pool and for a few minutes I did not know whether I would survive the ordeal or not; since Peter weighed around 220 pounds and I, 136, I did not have much chance in a pugilistic encounter. So he literally dragged me back to the Academy entrance where Professor Smith was standing in all of his indignation and dignity. He immediately, however, broke forth in a great laugh that I can assure you relieved the tension very much. For that I only got six weeks on the campus and Peter had learned his first lesson in academic life.

C. P. and I occupied the end room on the third corridor while Peter and his roommate occupied a room on the second corridor immediately under ours. The poultry yard was just under our window. It was a great temptation to see those luscious chickens walking around with apparently no object in life, while we were so hungry. Having procured a chafing dish with accessories, I rigged up a fishing line and with a grain of corn on it, we would catch a chicken, pull him up and have a feast. In order to facilitate the landing of this chicken I would go down to Peter's room (during his absence), as you can imagine the chicken would do a lot of fluttering before reaching the third floor. One day, having hooked a fine specimen of a chicken and started the maneuver of landing him, I observed Professor Smith coming across the campus; I immediately lowered the chicken, though not quite enough, securing the line with the window. Rushing up to my room, I was very busily intent on studying when I walked Peter and Professor Smith. Upon Peter's accusation and explanation, I had no recourse but to admit I was the

culprit; for this I received three weeks on the campus.

However, Peter really saved my life a short time after that. We had heard about an old Virginia Reel that was to be four miles in the country the following week end. Peter, Dr. Bonney (who is now practicing in Norfolk), Dr. Holmes (a veterinarian also located in Norfolk), and I secured a couple of horses and a big carriage, and with a late leave—until eleven o'clock—proceeded to attend the dance. On arriving we found a great number of young people, but we were the only four from the Academy. Being introduced to a very charming young lady, I immediately devoted most of my time to her, not knowing that she had been escorted to the dance by the "bull of the mountain." Shortly before the dance broke up I asked to take her home having no idea where she lived. Over the mountains we roamed, returning to the home of the dance about five a. m. There I found the other mountaineers were about to mob my three companions, but Peter's bulk and the big gun he had in his hand were holding them at bay. Not waiting for me to stop the team they piled in, Peter with his gun poking out the window, and we finally made our escape, arriving at the Academy in all of our disrepair as the breakfast bell rang; for this we were all confined to the campus for a blank number of weeks. These little incidents are very pleasant to remember, and I am sure Peter recalls them all.

During my stay at the Academy, I participated in football, baseball, and tennis, though in football I received my greatest thrill. I can see Peter now, standing on the sidelines rooting for the team in general and me in particular when we were in some tough spot. We had real ball teams those years, defeating several colleges, and I cherish very much the team picture that my boy has at present.

After three very pleasant years I was fortunate in graduating from the Academy as an honor student. I am sure one of the greatest stimuli was that girl I had in mind.

During each summer I would resume my old position on the *Jessie Lewis*. To me, and I know I voice the sen-

timents of all of you, *Jessie Lewis* is a distinguished member of the Amory family. All of you recall how Daddy purchased her and the great service she has rendered; we are very grateful to Willie Bradshaw, her present owner, for her preservation and the loving care given her. But I can assure you that I looked forward eagerly to the beginning of the school year each fall as the memory and the backache of that old clam bed, the handling of oysters, fish, and clams by the barrel made the time spent in study at the Academy seem like rest and relaxation indeed.

In September 1909 I entered the University College of Medicine. This also was a very difficult and hard path, as I entered direct from the Academy, whereas two thirds of my fellow students were college men—several of them having literary degrees. But with that ever-present stimulus I spent many an evening and early morning at my studies while others, more fortunate literarily, were indulging in more pleasant pastimes.

Many things occurred during those four years too numerous to mention here, but one of the highlights was playing end on the football team that did not lose a game my last year, and very few during its history. The Medical College of Virginia and the University College of Medicine at that time were great rivals from an athletic standpoint. The year I graduated, 1913, they were consolidated into one great school, but prior to that time for a student from one of the schools to address one from the other the least bit abruptly called for an immediate fistic encounter. During my time on the team we played the old school each year in football. They were indeed strenuous games; every man put everything he had in the game in addition to all of his money on the game. For three years we played a tieless score. During my last year in the last five minutes of play Lokie Futrell, who is now practicing medicine at Murfreesboro, North Carolina, was playing halfback on the new school. He made a long end run—ninety-five yards—and scored. The head linesman, who was named O’Flaherty and who

played on the Richmond College team, called our team offside, which, of course, nullified the score. That immediately ended in a free-for-all with everybody fighting everybody else regardless of who he was, and for several days both student bodies went around with bruises, black eyes, and cracked skulls. This was not only true of the students but professors and outside friends as well; Professor Broadnax, our teacher of anatomy, was confined to bed for several days from his injuries. The *Richmond Times-Dispatch* stated that it was the greatest free-for-all fight that had ever occurred in athletics in that city.

Regardless of the strenuous years I had in Medical College, my natural pent-up energies and inclinations toward practical joking got me in trouble on several occasions, but fortunately none turned out seriously. During my last year, as spring came on and the four walls of college began to hem us in, we simply had to do something "or bust." So one evening a friend and I were walking by the Richmond Woman's College, which at that time was located on Eleventh Street, but has since been moved to Westhampton and is now known as Westhampton College. There was a driveway leading up a dark alley to the back part of this school; we, seeing some friends coming toward us, ducked in this alley and as they approached we jumped out, frightening them considerably. That gave our alert minds a brainstorm, so after consultation we decided to capitalize on the idea. The cop on this beat was a very familiar character to all the students and we immediately sought his assistance, which he promised readily, provided we didn't get him into any trouble. Stationing the cop in the alley, we proceeded uptown. Meeting a sheik of the University, we told him we had met a couple of girl-friends in the College and were on our way to a date, asking him to join us, which he did. We told him he would have to have a box of candy, some flowers, and so forth to present to the young lady, and after he secured these necessary articles we started very cautiously back to the alley where we were supposed to meet the girls. When we got

there, of course, the cop jumped out at us, wanting to know what we were doing there, and we started running, followed closely by our companion, who finally tripped and fell, scattering candy and flowers all over the sidewalk. That was such a joke that each evening there would be dozens of boys run out of that alley. In the meantime, Dr Joseph Guisinger, who was a reporter on the *Times-Dispatch* and also a senior student, began to write mysterious articles about "Did He Run?" or "Did You See Him Run?" or "Did You Keep Your Date?" arousing everybody's curiosity as to what was going on. This got to such proportions that the cop said he couldn't enter it any more, and before it was finally broken up they had a police force stationed around the Woman's College each night.

There are many other pleasant episodes that occur to my mind, too numerous to be reported here.

C

After graduating in 1913, I accepted an interneship in the Norfolk General Hospital, on completion of which I took a position with the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company at Cass, West Virginia. This was a very rugged country in those days. My first assignment was at Slaty Fork about thirty miles over the mountain and the only way we could arrive there was on a Shae engine as the mountain was steep, with switchbacks. Anyone familiar with that country will know definitely what I mean. I was assistant surgeon for the Company and stationed at Cass, Spruce, and Slaty Fork during my stay there. Marvin Gillespie, Bill Morgan, Bob Fitzgerald, and Joe Hanna were the only Americans with me in this area, though we had around fifteen hundred Austrians, Italians, and other European desperadoes under our supervision and care. In addition to our duties, Bill Morgan and I did a great deal of hunting and fishing, providing much game and other delicacies for the isolated life we lived.

Still thinking of that little girl in Virginia and know-

ing that I could never take her to such country even if she had consented, I resigned this position and took a postgraduate course at New York Postgraduate Medical School, a division of New York University. During my stay there, I made many pleasant acquaintances and received a great stimulus in my future work.

Leaving the Postgraduate School, I did some relief work at the King's County Hospital in Brooklyn, at that time one of the largest hospitals in the world. My most important work there was an experimental study of twilight sleep which was becoming very prominent in the medical world at that time. I was fortunate in being assigned to this service which was very profitable, with numerous amusing experiences connected with it. I recall one where a very wealthy Jewess willed to me her entire estate and her yet-unborn baby while under the influence of this drug; the next morning she was shocked to find the financial and domestic difficulty she had gotten into during her sojourn in the twilight zone. Incidentally, I used this method about twice after entering private practice, the last time being nearly disastrous. From that time (around thirty-five years ago) up to ten years ago, a period of twenty-five years, twilight sleep really slumbered. It was left for Dr. Pierce Rucker of Richmond, Virginia, to revive it again with more modern, less toxic derivatives of the same old drug (scopolamine). It is now in disrepute again. Twilight sleep is one of the fads of medicine where we go through different cycles. Another example of this maniacal stage through which the American people are passing is the vitamin-racket cycle. One of our greatest internists was asked the question a few days ago if vitamins ever helped anybody; he said, "Yes, very decidedly. They are a godsend to the man who made them." He expressed my sentiments perfectly, but it seems as though we have to have something to keep the American people in a constant state of defraud. Please don't misunderstand me—there are several vitamins that are very beneficial. Vitamins are certainly nothing new as they have been

known through all generations of medicine. Our parents got theirs through pot-likker, dumplings, sunshine, and fatback—with an occasional codfish for good measure. Now we can get them all in one pill the size of a buckshot; that's where the benefit occurs to the manufacturers only.

While I was at the King's County Hospital I was associated with my old Randolph-Macon Academy friend, Dr. Huck Flynn. We had many pleasant evenings together attending lectures, theaters, and other amusements.

D

Leaving the King's County Hospital, I became associated with the late Dr. Joseph T. Buxton of the Elizabeth Buxton Hospital, Newport News, Virginia. I remained on the Buxton Hospital staff from December 14, 1914, until April 15, 1925, with the exception of the two years I spent in the Army in World War I. On my arrival in Newport News there was a population of perhaps twelve or fifteen thousand; very few streets were paved; there were no apartment houses, very few stores, and two hospitals. The Elizabeth Buxton Hospital accommodated around twenty patients. The old St. Francis Hospital on the corner of Thirty-fifth and West Avenue was an old home made into a hospital—a very poor makeshift. Being the youngest doctor in Newport News, I naturally was called upon to do all the charity work, night work, and other unpleasant duties of the medical profession of that day. My association with Dr. Buxton and his staff was very pleasant, especially Dr. George J. Williams, one of the most beloved characters I have ever known; he was a father to me in many ways. I assisted Dr. Buxton in all of his surgical work, made rounds twice a day, did all of his history work, and developed his laboratory, for all of which I received twenty-five dollars a month. But that was really money in those days, as I only paid twenty-five dollars a month rental for my room and office—which I can assure you was all it was worth. Dur-

ing this time I was developing my practice in addition to quite frequent sojourns to Hampton, sometimes arriving very late at night, the object of which was to visit the girl aforesaid mentioned.

At this point I want to tell you of a very fascinating character, Marcie Hewell Tuck. After this girl once got the Halifax red clay from under her toenails, she really started going places and she has gone right square into the middle of everybody's heart that has known her since. She "busted" mine wide open. She not only knows how to win friends and influence people, but she knows how to hold their friendship and develop that influence into a devotion that is, to say the least, most beautiful to know. Having met her the evening I first saw her on the old *Jessie Lewis*, her image had been inculcated on my mind and heart. Like all rare gems she was extremely difficult to secure. There were many pearls in her makeup and my effort was to roll them all into one big priceless pearl and then possess that, which I was fortunate enough to do on the 21st of April, 1915, when she became my bride, and I can say in the words of my father, "The last thirty-one years have been one earthly honeymoon."

After receiving her consent to marriage, I wrote the following letter to her father asking for her hand:

3112 West Avenue
Newport News, Virginia
February 4, 1915

Mr. David R. Tuck
Virgilina, Virginia

My dear Mr. Tuck:

No doubt you will be surprised and annoyed with the contents of this letter, as our acquaintance is somewhat obscure. As you remember, I had the pleasure of meeting you while you were visiting Will and Miss Lily at Jeffs, Virginia, but then we were only together one evening. Nevertheless, we hope you will read, and listen kindly to what follows.

Marcie and I have been the most loyal friends for the last nine years; of late that friendship has developed into true love. Owing to my unsettled plans, we have been



Marcie, when married

forced to delay our sweetest dream and most anticipated happiness until circumstances would permit. At present, as you see from the above address, I am permanently located, so we both join in asking your consent to our marriage, which we wish to take place in April next. I have nothing to offer Marcie for her love, but true love and devotion in return. These have been and will continue to be hers until death separates us. Your kindness to us in this great hour will mean much to our future happiness. I pledge my most sacred word to you both, that I will strive to be a most dutiful son, and loyal husband.

Anticipating your favorable reply, I am

Yours most sincerely,

Having received a favorable reply from the above. her uncle, Rev. D. J. Traynham, and I proceeded to the Court House to secure the necessary marriage license. While interviewing the clerk, neither of us remembered Marcie's full name, which necessitated an embarrassing phone call to find out who she was. Mr. Traynham, the lovable character and supersport that he was, performed the wedding ceremony with great care and reverence. After the ceremony, I passed him his fee—twenty dollars—which he immediately returned to me; and if he hadn't I don't know how we would have ever gotten home, as Washington was a long way off in those days!

After spending a few pleasant days at my home in Poquoson, we returned to Newport News and began the necessary plans on the development of a home and the securing of a suitable office, both of which were very difficult to secure in those days. Prior to my marriage, I had occupied the basement of the old Y.W.C.A. on West Avenue; I slept in the office, having my meals in various restaurants in town. After we were married, we rented 133 Thirty-first Street, where I had my office on the first floor and we lived on the second.

Our equipment at that time consisted of a beautiful brass bed that I had secured so proudly before marriage and some beautiful pictures—strings of ducks hanging up, big bowls of fruit, various hunting scenes, and pictures of some dogs. I had them all very artistically arranged throughout our living quarters and was very

proud of my achievement. When my bride entered, she did not reveal her embarrassment or dismay at my artistic selections but, in her true character, complimented everything very highly; however, I can assure you these works of art were relegated to the dump heap within a very short time. The kitchen and dining-room (which were the same) deserves special mention. Our cooking facilities consisted of one chafing dish which had been given to this aforesaid bride during her college days by a former suitor, and it was simply amazing the delicious food we cooked on that chafing dish. The furniture consisted of a table that Mother donated along with many other things, and we would haul the chairs from my office back to our elaborate dining-room for meals, though we only cooked breakfast there, taking our other meals across the street at a boarding-house run by Miss Clara Hersberg and her sister, Mrs. Richardson. We paid, when we had it, the sum of four dollars apiece a week for these meals—at other times stalling until I was fortunate enough to run down some debtor and collect the necessary funds. You will recall that during these days I was making twenty-five dollars a month and borrowing from everybody I knew sufficient amounts to meet my budget.

Marcie and I look back with a great deal of amusement on the many embarrassing financial situations that we encountered. The following is very vivid even today: One Saturday evening, after meeting our financial requirements for that week, we had the sum of twenty cents so we decided to take in the movie—the old Imperial Theater was the only one operating in Newport News then and the admission was ten cents. On our way to the theater, we met a couple of friends who stopped to chat; we couldn't ask them to join us in the movie due to financial straits, but they showed no inclination to leave us so we asked them to go home with us, which they did, and we spent a very pleasant evening. On another week end when we had only one quarter left, we went to church on Sunday morning as was our custom, and deposited that in the collection. Marcie has spoken very feelingly

of that evening when I was in the office alone and she saw someone coming down the street; she offered up a prayer that it was a patient coming to see me, which it turned out to be. That patient paid me the sum of two dollars, and we were happy over one-eighth of our tithe for that day.

After living there one year, we bought the home at 113 Thirty-first Street, paying not less than one hundred dollars every three months although the former owner had refused to rent it to me for fifty dollars a month. We spent the next seven years there very happily from a social standpoint and very profitably professionally. I occupied the basement as an office, we lived on the first floor and rented rooms on the second floor, which I can assure you was a burden for any young wife to undertake, but Marcie met that as she has all other problems in a most heroic, cheerful, and satisfactory manner.

We were well on the way to becoming permanently established in Newport News when the only cloud in our lives up to that time arose—the United States' entering World War I in 1917. Dropping everything except my inheritance and the deep love I had for that girl, I proceeded to do my part in the U. S. Army. My record in said Army wasn't anything to write home about, though I did my duty the best I could, being fortunate enough to have received great experience in the surgical field.

I was sent to Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia, on June 5, 1917, for my training, arriving there at the beginning of the building of the camp. It was a very crude structure; I was assigned to Company No. 5 which at that time had a part floor, one wall, and no roof—and the nights in Georgia can get mighty cold. We doctors, fresh from civilian practice, pitched in and helped the carpenters to complete our buildings. There were sixteen hundred of us stationed at Oglethorpe at that time. Drilling, policing, and learning Army discipline was very irksome to all of us who cherished the freedom of our private practice, but, good soldiers as all of us were, we fell in line the best we could.

After finishing my training at Oglethorpe, I was ordered to Camp Lee, Virginia, on September 5, 1917, to examine the inductees, and my outfit examined the first bunch that arrived there. We were very busy examining these inductees, at the same time building up the regiment corps medical unit and training them in addition to our professional duties. It was indeed a very strenuous life, especially in that red clay, snow, and sleet of the very severe winter of 1917. There were six medical officers attached to the 317th Infantry, 80th Division, of which I was second in command, Major A. J. Black being the commanding officer of the unit. For six weeks during that winter the other five medical officers were sick, I being the only one on duty during this period of time. Marcie, having followed me the best she could to the various camps, was then living in Petersburg with a friend of ours. It would be weeks at a time before I could see her as we were constantly being quarantined for various and sundry diseases, the worst of which was meningitis. Upon joining the Army I was supposed to have been assigned to Base Hospital 45, that is McGuire's unit, but during that particular period when the other officers were sick, Base Hospital 45 arrived at Camp Lee but Col. Rhodes, medical commanding officer of the base, refused to transfer me back to my unit.

On January 5, 1918, I was given a five-day leave, the first I had had. I had to report to the commanding officer of the Port of Embarkation at Newport News. On reporting to him (Col. Jamieson) he asked me if I could remove an appendix. I told him I could so he carried me out to Camp Stuart, where his secretary had been sent that morning with acute appendicitis, there being only one medical officer (Capt. Hurlbert) stationed there, as the hospital was just being built. I operated on this soldier and as the corps men were bringing him back to his bed he fell off the stretcher, receiving some injuries, but left the hospital in ten days and reported back to duty in three weeks. Reporting back to Col. Jamieson after my five days' leave (minus the day I operated), he had me

transferred to Camp Stuart where I organized and operated the surgical unit of Camp Stuart during the remainder of the war. I wrote the history of the surgical department of the Embarkation Hospital of Newport News which is on record in Washington. In addition to our very heavy surgical practice and other activities of Camp Stuart, it was very pleasant and profitable.

I was discharged from the Army in March 1919, which among others had been a prayer of my mother, that I get out of the service before she died. Marcie and I went immediately to my old home where we remained with her during her last days. Her last request to me was that I take care of Lloyd who had been afflicted with asthma since birth. Mother passed away peacefully in my arms on March 15, 1919. Just as she expired, a most beautiful serene calmness came over her face and she started to say something but was unable to finish it. I would give almost anything if she could have told us of the vision that was before her. Two days later her eight sons bore her to her grave in the old Western Cemetery after services in the old Trinity Church which she loved so well, this being the first sadness that had entered our lives with the exception of Maria Jane's death in infancy. At this time her eight sons made a covenant that we would be pallbearers to the remainder of our family as long as any of us lived; we have kept that covenant so far.

The next day, after comforting Father as much as we could and promising a very early return, we came back to Newport News and started the process of re-establishing our home, office, and practice. We had some difficulty in securing the house, as it had been rented during our absence and since the renter had shipyard roomers the Government would not permit her expulsion; so the only way I could secure my office was to increase her rent to five hundred dollars a month, payable in advance. After the necessary legal procedure, we regained possession of the property.

I immediately resumed my affiliation with Dr. Buxton

in the Elizabeth Buxton Hospital and entered on what has been a most happy career. Marcie and I immediately became very active in the social and political life of the community, and especially so in the spiritual life. We affiliated ourselves with Trinity Methodist Church, of which we have been members ever since. She has devoted a great part of her life to the woman's work of that church and I am grateful that I have been permitted to have a small part in its development. I have been a member of its Board of Stewards for the past twenty-five years and chairman for seven years of which I am very thankful. And, incidentally, it is worth mentioning that the eight sons of Father and Mother have been and are today members of the Board of Stewards in various Methodist churches.

My practice began to build up rather rapidly, due in no small part to the generosity of Dr. George J. Williams, previously mentioned. He was truly a great character and I will always cherish his memory.

Unbeknown to you brothers and sisters, Marcie and I have had three daughters in our lives. The first was her cousin, Lizzie Crowder, who spent two happy years with us—happy for us and I hope it was mutual. Marcie was very successful in marrying Lizzie off to John Pancake of West Virginia. She felt that she had accomplished one of the objectives of her life, as she would work very zealously to put over a wedding in order to satisfy her romantic inclinations.

We were very lonely after Lizzie left, but one of the greatest joys of our lives occurred the following year when O. T., Jr. was born. If ever a child was conceived in love and reared through the medium of prayer, O. T. is that child. Our consuming passion was for him to be healthy and to develop into a real boy who would render prestige and honor not only to his parents but to his grandparents and the whole Amory clan in general. I presume that any fond mother and father could write pages and pages about their sons; I will not burden you with any of those things, but suffice it to say that O. T.

has been a real joy and has lived up to our expectations. Since he has no brothers and sisters—which has been a source of regret to us—we are very happy to say that Lloyd, Jr. has filled very completely that blank, and I am sure there never were two more devoted boys than they have been.

Imagine, if you can, the duties imposed on Marcie at this time: running her home, having six roomers, taking care of my office with very incompetent help, training and rearing O. T. It has simply been amazing to me all of my life what she could accomplish. All of this time, with these extra obligations, she never for one moment forgot her church and the duties pertaining thereto.

A couple of years after O. T.'s arrival our second daughter arrived, Bessie Edwards. Bessie lived with us seven years and there are many happy memories remaining of that period. True to Marcie's romantic instinct, she was successful in attending the wedding of Bessie and Bill Galloway. Then we were left with only one child until 1932 when our third daughter arrived, Kay Childress, who I can assure you has filled a very close spot in our hearts ever since. However, one disappointment to Marcie has been her inability to do anything about Kay matrimonially; when one considers that it took her only two years to get Lizzie married, seven years for Bessie, and that she has been working on Kay fourteen years, you can certainly see that she is slipping. Regardless of all our efforts, from Atlanta to Newport News, so far our accomplishment has been nil.

E

Regardless of the various activities associated with a young doctor trying to build a practice through which he will be enabled to provide properly for his family and build for the future, I some way found time to indulge in my various hobbies. I was born with the salt of the sea in my veins and it must be a very highly concentrated percentage, as regardless of where I go I am miserable until I have returned to the things pertaining to the sea.

My first yacht was one that you wouldn't pin any roses on; she was sixteen feet long, a dead rise bateau that sank every night. Most of my hobby time was spent in bailing and corking this vessel. Finally she disappeared through some storm, theft, or otherwise, which was quite a relief.

For the next year or so I became quite a hunting enthusiast and many a happy day have I spent in the fields pursuing this sport. I have trained and owned some fifteen or sixteen bird dogs. Most of them were good dogs; some I shot. All together my hunting experience has been a lifesaver, as my close confinement to practice had begun to tell.

There are numerous hunting stories that one can tell, and I am no exception. I had an old dog named Dan who was a very faithful friend for five or six years. When Dan became very decrepit, he had the scratches and was blind in one eye, but was still a champion in the field. Marcie, O. T., and I spent a week at Kenbridge, Virginia, visiting our friends, the Webbs. Webb's uncle, Mr. Bridgeforth, was a very typical retired country gentleman, with some dozen bird dogs and other accessories. The first morning we went out, Mr. Bridgeforth looked at old Dan and said, "Doctor, I have plenty of dogs; you needn't take Dan along." I said, "Well, we'll take him along and if he bothers you I'll put him in the car." That evening Mr. Bridgeforth said, "Doctor, I want to apologize to you. You have the finest dog I have ever been in the field with." In company with four other dogs, we had located twelve coveys of birds and Dan had found ten!

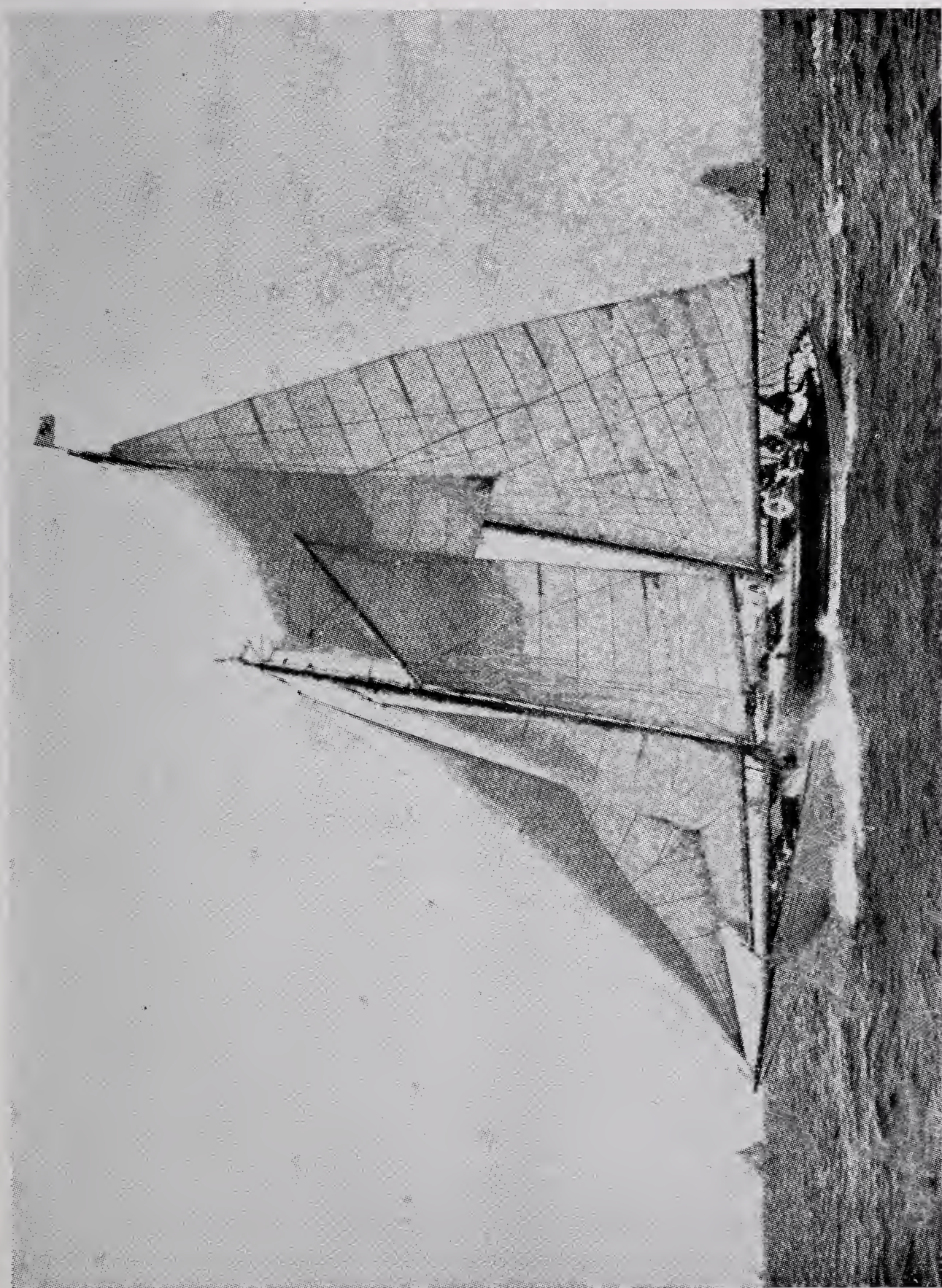
My other hunting experiences with Drs. Fay Sinclair, C. B. Courtney, Frank Poindexter, Bill Poindexter, and other friends are very pleasant to remember.

I could not get the salt out of my veins, so I began to look to the sea again, and all together I have owned nineteen boats. John Watkins and I purchased the old *Elmira*; she was a round-bottom log boat, and I think I can say gave us more pleasure than any other boat I have ever owned. I cherish her picture, as well as the

others I have in my collection. About three years later, we sold the *Elmira* and bought the *Idle Hours* jointly, a beautiful stock job of that day, and many a pleasant fishing and cruising trip have we enjoyed on her. Upon John's death in 1931, we sold the *Idle Hours* and I purchased the *Sea Dog*, a beautiful 32-foot clinker-built Redbanks job. I was fortunate in securing this boat from Mr. H. N. Baruch, who was then a patient of mine. He sold me the boat for \$4,000 for which I paid \$1,000 and the other was taken out in professional fees—I can assure you the largest I have ever received. About two years later I sold the *Sea Dog* to Col. Rush for \$3,000, a Viking automobile, and another boat which I sold for \$150 eighteen months later, turning the Viking in for \$450 on a new Buick.

For the next two or three years I devoted my seafaring activities to the log canoe. As you will recall, Daddy had just completed his research on this ancient vessel. A most inspiring picture was a fleet of seven log canoes that we had developed, spreading their wings in the Hampton Regatta. There was a great deal of interest stimulated through the entry of this class in the various regattas, and up until the advent of World War II they were entered in most of the regattas on the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries. I was fortunate enough to win two or three cups sailing my beloved vessel.

Along about this time deep-sea fishing was rapidly developing on our coast and since there was not a yacht in Hampton Yacht Club fleet that was equipped for this sport, I had the Richardson Boat Works build a fishing boat after my design. It was a beautiful 37-foot twin screw cruiser, named *Silver Spray*, the largest they had ever built. It started a lot of thought along this line, and since then Richardson has made the 37-footer a standard cruiser. Keeping that for a few years, I sold it and bought a 46-foot A.C.F. cruiser, a beautiful job. I changed her name from *Mabeck* to *Marc-ota*, kept her for several years, and then sold her at an advantage—thanks to C.P.'s distributing company. Next I had Rich-



Seagoin'

ardson build a 24-foot fishing boat that was not very satisfactory, so I traded her for a 34-foot Mathews and again traded the Mathews for a 38-foot Mathews which was a beautiful job. In the meantime, I had bought and sold two or three other boats, all at a profit. When World War II developed, the Army having taken my last Mathews, A.F. and I—through the benevolence of C.P.—bought a 58-foot ketch named *Jeanane Lee*. We sold that at a profit and then I bought the queen of the fleet, the *Seagoin'*, a beautiful 48-foot schooner that was the last word in her ton and inch class—a most beautiful sailer, able, graceful, and lovely. Unfortunately, my illness forced me to sell her, as I knew I would never be able to sail her again.

All in all, my yachting experience has been most pleasant and profitable, and I hope I shall be permitted to participate in it the rest of my life. A source of a great deal of joy and satisfaction to me is the fact that O. T. and Lloyd, Jr. are as interested in yachting as I am. It is great for a son and his father to have the same hobbies.

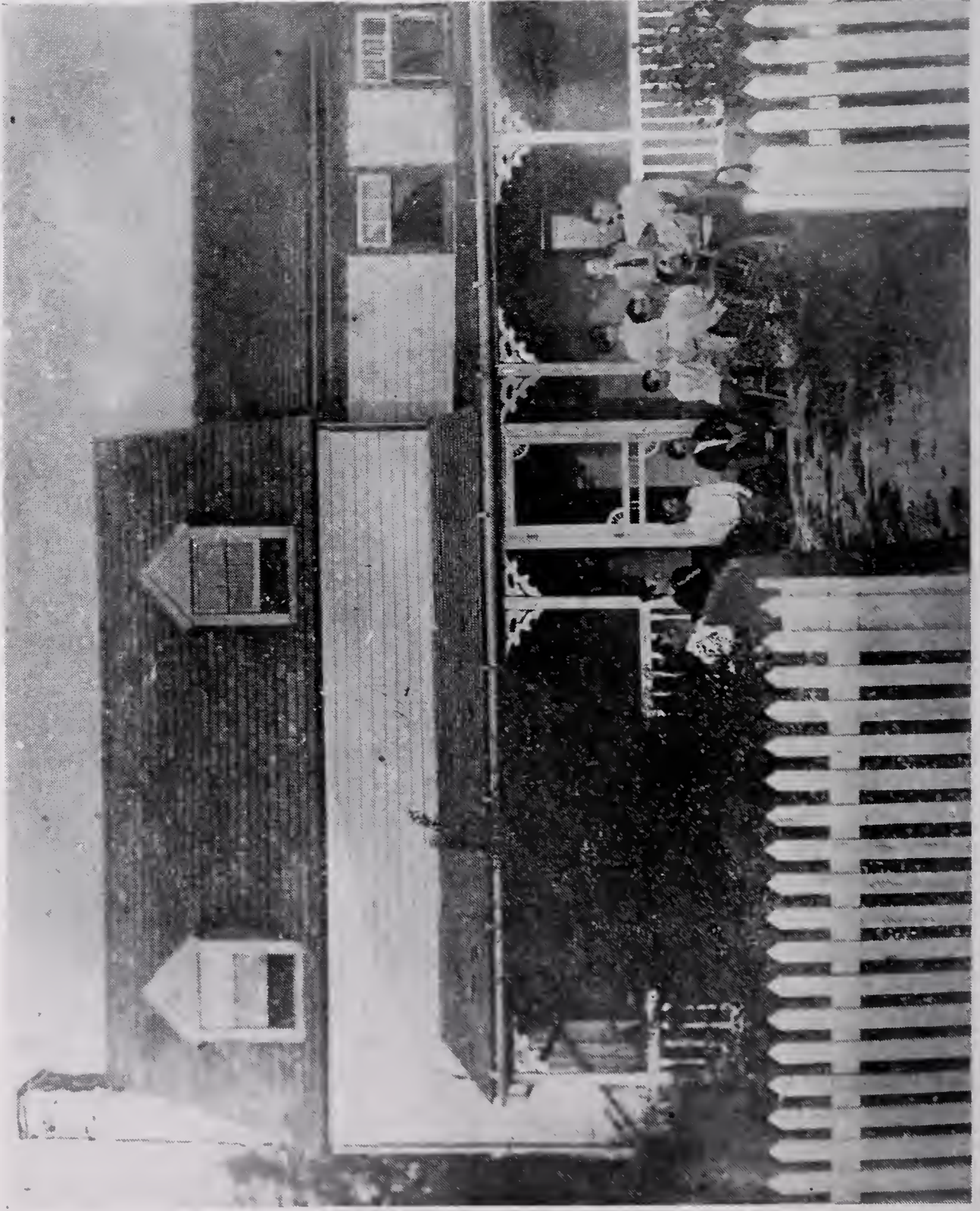
Early in my professional career, I realized the advantages in writing and reading papers on various subjects in our medical societies. I have written some fifteen or twenty essays, mostly dealing with surgery, to which I have devoted my full time for the past ten years. The ones that are of especial interest to me are: "A Study and Report on Gall Bladder Diseases", "Gastro-Intestinal Diseases", and "Growing Old Gracefully in Medicine". It was also my pleasure and privilege to read, by invitation, two or three essays on the physical and therapeutic effects of alcohol.

One of the greatest sources of pleasure to me has been my connection with the Methodist Conference Orphanage. I became interested in that institution in 1928 when I was elected to the Board of Trustees, which position I have held ever since. That institution has rapidly grown, there being around four hundred fifty boys and girls now under its care. It has been fortunate in receiving grants from John Duval's estate amounting to perhaps half a

million dollars and the estate of the late W. T. Ash totaling perhaps three fourths of a million dollars over all.

It appears to me that any young man, regardless of his profession or station in life, cannot receive the full benefit of his labors unless he has taken God in partnership with him, and I am thankful that I have been permitted to enjoy such relations through all of my career, thanks to the teachings at my mother's knee.

I have been very interested in the social and charitable activities of not only our community, but the State. I was a charter member of the Kiwanis Club in Newport News, a member of the Propeller Club and other social organizations. It was my pleasure to serve a term of four years on the Newport News School Board, at which time there were several activities of importance. I was a member of the State Hospital Board for a period of four years, in which time the Board was instrumental in bringing about reforms in several of its antiquated activities. For instance, during my tenure of office we were instrumental in starting the movement of the institution from the city of Williamsburg out into the wide open country of Dunbar Farm. Conditions were terribly crowded in the old institution and several appalling situations presented themselves. Young boys and girls were in the same wards with very old men and women; there were very limited facilities for outdoor activities and sunshine; there was no educational program of any consequence; they were only allowing forty-two cents a day for maintenance per person. I am glad to say that we increased the allowance per person to forty-four cents and other modern methods were instituted, for which we lost our jobs as the political powers that be simply were on our necks; but J. Marshall Lewis of Gloucester and I left the Board feeling that we had accomplished something.



Old Amory Home

IV

A

The Amory family is rather unique in several ways. When one considers the great number of children—ten, the number of grandchildren—thirty-two, great grandchildren—thirty-eight, and great great grandchildren—three, one is simply amazed at the few deaths up to the present time. To refresh your memory: Maria Jane's death, November 1876, was the first shadow in our family; then followed Mother, Father, Lloyd, and Brother George. Although throughout this period we have been so exceedingly fortunate, the remainder of us must remember that we are rapidly approaching the time when we will have to submit to the passing of us one by one as the years go by. The grandchildren who have died are the following: John Franklin Topping (son of Annie and Healey), Archie Traynham Amory and Gertie Amelia Amory (children of Tom and Mary), John Edgar Amory (son of Ren and Winnie), and Helen Forrest Amory (daughter of Herbert and Minnie).

There is no record of any of this great number (eighty-three) of Amorys being involved in any legal procedure or confined in any detention institution; there are no addicts to any drug and there are no alcoholics. The eight boys all serve as stewards in different Methodist churches. The boys at the death of Mother agreed that they wanted to be pallbearers for all the rest of the brothers and sisters as long as any lived. They have really been "all for one and one for all" and very happy in each other's presence. They all have good reputations professionally and in business. Each is strong in his convictions and outspoken in his opinions, not easily persuaded but ready to concede his errors. This is a challenge to any other family to produce such a record.

The old Amory home which stood on York County

Road was in itself a tradition. No history of York County would be complete without a description of this house. Father was born in this old home around a hundred years ago. I have no record at present as to when it was built, but his father built it when he was married, which makes it around one hundred fifty years ago. In that old house the whole Amory clan originated, and it will always be a source of regret to me that we did not perpetuate it for posterity. What wonderful times we have had in that old building, and if it could speak, the history would be of great interest not only to us children, but to that section of Virginia as well. The old home being replaced by a more modern building, we are delighted that Herb and Minnie have the distinct honor of living on the old site.

Only Sister Annie, Brother Tom, and Brother George recall anything about Maria Jane, as she died in infancy, that being the first shadow to cross the path of Mother and Father.

My first memory of Sister Annie was seeing her coming through the old hedgerow with Iola in her arms; that was over fifty years ago. My recollection at that time was that it was difficult to tell Sister Annie from Mother, and all of us know how she has resembled Mother, developing all of her characteristics since that date. It is fitting also that Annie and Healey have their home next to the old home site. No family has ever had more devoted children than they; there is nothing that these children have not done for their joy and happiness. Mr. Topping is an old landmark in Poquoson, distinguished and gracious, and one can hardly tell any changes in him in the past number of years. He is now approaching eighty and he has a great many youthful years still ahead of him. You may recall that his mother died at ninety-six. There never has been a more devoted couple than those two; anything that Annie did always suited Healey, and what a joy they have been to us!

There is perhaps no greater authority on the Methodist church and especially the Virginia Methodist Conference than Mr. Topping. He has been the moving force in

Trinity Church in York County for the past sixty years and instrumental in the development of that church as one of the greatest country churches in the Southern Conference. He personally participated in the enlargement of that church three different times and was superintendent of the Sunday School for over fifty years. During this time Sister Annie has been as enthusiastic and active in the development of the woman's side of that church as "Brother Healey", as he is affectionately known to us. Excepting Father and Mother no two individuals have been more prominently identified with the religious activities of lower York County than these two. Their activities are fully reflected today through their children in various other churches, and their influence will live through generations.

Brother Tom typifies that type of an old country gentleman that is rapidly passing. He and "Hon" have indeed lived full lives, there being only two clouds that have befallen them. I recall very little about Archie Traynham as he died in infancy. Little Gertie was one of the most beautiful, accomplished girls that I have ever known, and her untimely death in her teens was indeed a tragedy to them, but Marshall and Thomas have come as near filling her place as any boys could possibly have done.

Some forty years ago, Brother Tom gave up the sea. It must have broken his heart to have beached the *Ole Frank*, but since that time "Lum and Abner" have never conducted a more typical country store than he and "Hon". Many times in my busy life I have longed to sit around that old stove and watch Snuks, Ed Fergy, Judge Forrest, and others chew the Old Brown Mule and spit in the old sandbox. Brother Tom and "Hon" have many happy years ahead of them if we can get them away from their old haunts. It has been practically impossible to get them away from their home and the joys of their store. We recall an incident which was amusing to us, but embarrassing to Brother Tom, while attending C. P. and Dee's wedding. In those days the roads were terrible, so after a great deal of trouble getting out of Culpepper

by car we finally boarded a train, as Brother Tom simply had to get back to "Hon". On our transfer at Orange, Virginia, we unfortunately got on the wrong train going *back* to Culpepper. Brother Tom stated very indignantly he "wondered if anyone ever got away from Culpepper." Some of these days I want us all to go out in force, shanghai Tom and "Hon", take them to a movie, and show them the great world that lies beyond Jeffs, Virginia.

The untimely death of Brother George cast a gloom over the whole family. He was indeed one of the most aggressive and capable businessmen of his day. He and Bernie lived out the early part of their lives in a very admirable way, and in describing their children there is no language that is adequate. In fact, Webster died too early to have compiled words that would be necessary to describe any of my nephews, for as you know it has been the marvel of all of our friends how the Amory clan has stuck together and the same thing is true with all their descendants.

George, Jr., is perhaps one of the most outstanding businessmen of eastern Virginia. It is not only a joy to go into his establishment, but it is a rare privilege to visit his home. His recent illness, if possible, added more charm to his life. If we can just keep him out of the "toils of the police" and other practical jokers, there is no limit to his possibilities. Incidentally, he is very fond of attending the Newport News-Hampton football games. It must be a constant joy to Bernie to know that her daughters are all happily married to successful Christian businessmen and each has developed a family that is not only a great joy to her but to all who know them.

Neither Shakespeare nor any of the other poets could ever describe A. F. He is indeed a unique character, and how in the world Annie has ever lived with him all these years is a mystery which perhaps only she and her God can reveal. Seriously, no boy or girl ever had a finer brother than A. F. Nothing he has is too good for the rest of us, and his two sons have already established themselves in the business and professional world. Since

A. F. has followed the sea from the time he could "spit to the windward" until a few years ago, he is unquestionably one of the sages of the period. Beginning his sea career at the age of fourteen, he has been captain of his own ship since he was sixteen, which in itself is most unique. He is known from Maine to Florida, not only for his sterling qualities and business ability, but as one of the greatest seamen of all times. All he needs is a chart of Hampton Roads, and I can't understand how he ever got ashore, there being 109 feet of water in that area. It has been said that he could "beat the *Pagan Moon* up Fifth Avenue after a rain."

He has other qualities in addition to his seamanship; for instance, the art of storytelling. I can hardly believe the jug story, but when he says it rained so hard in Florida that it filled his gallon jug in twenty minutes, I must believe him regardless of whether it had a stopper in it or not. I think the following story is perhaps the most picturesque description I have ever heard of any man. In conversation with the late Frank Darling at a time when Mr. Darling was under a tremendous strain, A. F. said to him, "Captain Frank, you must quit work; you can't stand it." A. F., in describing Captain Darling's reaction, said, "He came square up in the wind and lay there with everything shaking." With all the wind out of his sails, Captain Frank said, "A. F., you are right." The Hampton Yacht Club looks forward each Sunday afternoon to the Deck Admiral Convention, where A. F. holds forth to the great amusement and delight of all concerned. He is indeed a charming character.

As to Annie, she has been a most devoted wife and mother, but I certainly hope that our influence in persuading her to become a champion in the intricate art and manipulation of the "cards" will not be held against her. In the strictest of confidence, I don't want any of you to divulge these facts to the Hampton W. C. T. U., but it is a fact that Annie became so skillful in manipulating the "cards" that she won the prize at the Valentine party in the Williams Hotel at Daytona Beach; and

when A. F., presiding as liaison officer between the punch bowl and the card table, presented her with punch she indulged in it rather freely; and I must say that my diagnostic skill was tested to differentiate the various phases of the headache that followed. But I am delighted to say that she recovered very quickly and a few days later covered the distance from Daytona Beach to Newport News at the wheel of her trusty Plymouth in two days flat. Also, I am sure it was merely a coincidence that the morning after the party she had lost her white ribbon bow because three days later, after receiving a letter from her pastor, she blossomed out with the bow adorning her dress.

L. D. has always been the one member of the family who always radiated sunshine everywhere he went, and I know of no man who has more friends. Father said on their Golden Anniversary that he had never heard Mother in all her life ever criticize anyone or say a cross word. I am sure that L. D. inherited these wonderful qualities. Through all of his sickness and other trials, I have never known him to complain, be discouraged, or lose that wonderful smile. He is truly a joy to all who know him. From a business standpoint he excels, and has the marvelous quality of instilling that ability in his children. Those boys have conducted his business in such a way that it is not only a source of great pleasure to us, but a great satisfaction to him, his family, and his friends. It is impossible in a short resumé of this kind to do any more than to mention our numerous nephews and nieces in a group, for a long chapter could be written on each, especially what Ren's children have meant to him.

There is no woman who has ever taken the marriage vows and lived more closely by them than Winnie; through sickness and through health she has been most devoted, thoughtful, and courageous, sharing all of Ren's pains and aches as well as his pleasures. She is indeed a wonder, and two happier people could not be found anywhere. Truly, though, Winnie should have been a U. S. Senator in the period of the nineties; with her ready com-

mand of the English language, whipped to a fury by the intensity of her articulation, in addition to her intricate knowledge of Poquoson and its families and traditions, she really would have been a master artist. All in all, this world is truly a better place in which to live for L. D.'s and Winnie's presence.

If one could read the autobiography of Sister Annie, it would be impossible to tell which of my sisters it represented until you saw the signature. Sister Annie, I am delighted to say, has been more philosophical and has taken things more in her stride than Sister Gertie. Sister Gertie takes everybody's burdens to heart, including "the wife of the man who drinks." Regardless of the number in the family, she cannot enjoy a night's sleep until she has contacted each and every one through some means as to how they are and what is on their minds, and has told them all good-night.

Sister Gertie, due to her having lived near most of us, has been in a position to be not only a sister but a real mother, especially to me during my recent illness. I can never hope to express to you my deep gratitude for the great number of things that all of you have done for me, and especially is it true of Sister Gertie. Many little things that no one else would ever have thought of have brought great comfort to Marcie and me all of our lives and particularly during my illness. She and Henry are examples of what married life should really mean, and now that Henry has retired from the Yard they are both enjoying life to the fullest extent. It is a great desire of all of us to be in their home and enjoy their many pleasures with them. It is a continuous source of gratitude to them that their daughters are married so happily and have made such wonderful homes for their husbands and children. It is indeed inspirational to see them all back at their home on their numerous visits, but I will warn you that E. B. has "many tricks" and she showed me a wonderful one recently.

Before I forget it, Sister Gertie, I would suggest that in your next letter to President Truman you tell him how

you approve of his yachting around on the *Williamsburg*. Also, it might be well to suggest to him that he give each member of his Cabinet a yacht and let's say ninety per cent of the Congressmen and Senators, provided they all stay out of Washington during their tenure of office and let the country recover normally. In addition to the yachts, they could take over *Life* magazine and devote it entirely to their pictures at their various pursuits of pleasure and not smear all the public press with them.

Herb and Minnie have taken over the old Amory home site, and they have certainly carried on the tradition of Father and Mother in that community, especially in Trinity Church. Father was a member of the Board of Stewards of that church for over sixty years, and I am confident that Herb will equal that record. How he can conduct his lumber business and still have so much time for civic, social, and spiritual guidance is beyond me. With the exception of the untimely death of Helen, their lives have been truly remarkable. They are especially fortunate in having Evelyn and Charline and their children so near them, as it must be very interesting to watch their development and progress in life. Herb is the only one of the boys except Brother George who has been so fortunate as to remain in the immediate vicinity of the old home, and many a time in my life have I envied him that privilege. The things that I have said about my other sisters-in-law apply fully to Minnie, and I can assure you that she has been an honored addition to our family.

To me it is most regrettable that I haven't developed some of the marvelous traits that my father and mother passed down to Herb and Minnie. Regardless of what happens, under what strain and stress they find themselves, the casual observer would never know but what their lives had been one continuous bed of roses. I have never seen either of them fretting or fuming over their lot; through sickness and health, troubles and joys, they are always the same. I do not know of two people who hold the confidence and love of their friends more than

they. They are truly a joy to us and it is regrettable that we can't get out to visit them more often, as we miss so much of their true spirit and the old family gatherings that meant so much to us.

As to O. T. and Marcie, you will find a description of them elsewhere in this essay, but on behalf of both I want to say we are indeed grateful to share the heritage of such a family with you. O. T., Jr.'s sentiments are expressed in the following statement made to one of his friends: "Anything that Daddy does is all right with Mother and anything that Mother does is O. K. with Dad."

If I had all the words of the English language at my command, I could not describe what C. P. and Dee have meant to us, especially during my illness the past two years. There is nothing humanly possible that they have not done for Marcie and me in every way. When I say that, I do not detract from what all the rest have done, but living closer together, seeing more of each other and naturally interested in the same things, they have been in a position to do more than the rest.

It is common knowledge among us that we are constantly in search of a check-rein in which to harness C. P. He has kicked over the traces so far, but being a persistent family we are still in search of some means whereby we may slow down his unbounding energy. C. P. has and can accomplish more than any other man I know of in a given length of time. His insight into the business and religious world is unbounding. It is fascinating to travel with him and observe his various unique methods of salesmanship. I am sure that anyone else using his formula would have been kicked overboard and sunk long ago: he can say and do more things, but instead of offending people he really make friends and sales through his individual procedure. For instance, I recall an occasion when he and I boarded a yacht in Tampa. The owner was a Milwaukee brewer. C. P. picked his boat to pieces and I expected him to be thrown overboard any minute; then, to my amazement, when the Captain asked him to have

a drink he gave him a temperance lecture, ending up by saying he was too nice a fellow to be in such a damnable business.

Thanks to C. P., I have been permitted to enjoy to the fullest my greatest hobby,—yachting. Through his efforts, the purchasing and sales of yachts have been very profitable, as well as pleasant. At the present time, while I am still incapacitated, I can get the greatest satisfaction and relaxation from visiting not only his office but the other establishments where, under his supervision, we are reclaiming and reconditioning quite a few used yachts that have been purchased from the Government. Not only is this a source of great interest, but through his and A. F.'s efforts I am benefiting materially.

C. P. and Dee have lived most happy and full lives. They have been prominently engaged in every activity—social, political, educational, and religious. It is gratifying to us that Dee has provided somewhat that check-rein which we have been searching for. Their lives were saddened early in their wedded life by the loss of their first-born, but Jimmie has made up fully for that loss if such a thing is possible. One of the greatest joys of our family was the successful return of Jimmie from his war experiences, along with the other members of the family. There is nothing that I can say that will add to what C. P., Dee, and Jimmie have meant to us.

Lloyd—what can I say that would improve in any way the life that Lloyd led? Afflicted with asthma since childhood, he was handicapped in every way possible, but with it all he lived a most useful and happy life, which was climaxed by the birth of Lloyd, Jr. on January 13, 1922. It is a very happy coincidence that he and I are able to enjoy the same anniversary. It is most regrettable that Lloyd's untimely death interrupted the great plans they had for that boy. Among the last things he said to me was, "Take care of Lloyd." I tried to do that but I have fallen far short, although I think I can say that there have been very few things that I have done for O. T. that I have not done for Lloyd, and he is known in Newport

News by a great many people as being my son, which Marcie and I would be very proud of if it were true.

Lloyd and Althea lived a very happy but short married life. Their little home on 56th Street was most delightful, and many happy occasions have we had there. Althea's devotion and love for Lloyd, Jr. have been very inspiring to all of us, and she has taken the place of Lloyd's daddy as far as it was humanly possible to do so. Her anxiety for Lloyd, Jr. has been shared by all of us, especially during his hazardous war experiences. It is a joy to see her every attention and thought to Lloyd, and I know how she longs for his daddy to enjoy his development and progress.

The family rejoices with you, Althea, in your happy marriage to Leslie Swingle; and I can assure you both that we are eternally grateful to you for your love, guidance, and devotion to Lloyd, Jr. I also want to express my deepest appreciation for your many kindnesses shown Marcie and me during my illness.

It has been very difficult for me to describe in my feeble way the home and family that Father and Mother left, but I am fully confident that they are preparing for us a home in the skies even more wonderful in every way than the one they prepared on earth.

B

Marcie and I have lived in several locations in Newport News during our married life. You will recall that I carried her to 133 Thirty-first Street as a bride. We lived there one year, moving to 113 Thirty-first Street where we spent seven very happy years.

Realizing the tremendous burden placed on Marcie, not only taking care of my office and O. T. but having several roomers, we rented 113 Thirty-first Street and took an apartment in the Edgewater for a year. I had my office in the basement of the Marlborough where I remained until I moved into the Medical Arts Building in 1929. From the Edgewater we moved to 311 Fifty-ninth



Present Home of O. T. and Marcie

Street where sixteen of our happiest years were spent. During these years we drew many a plan of our dream home. Finally, on July 2, 1941, we moved into what was to us the dream home at 6408 Huntington Avenue, and I can assure you each successive move has added more joy and happiness to our lives. We do hope that we will be permitted to remain at our present location the remainder of our lives. All through this period of time, especially since the arrival of O. T., it has been our constant prayer that we would build for him such a Christian home that it in turn would serve him as steadfastly through his life as mine has served me.

If and when I get to Heaven, I am sure that Father and Mother, Brother George, Lloyd, and Maria Jane will be at the station to meet me, and I hope that they will permit Marcie and me to occupy a little upper back room in their mansion. I anticipate a very busy eternity—there are so many things I want to do. First, I want to thank Father and Mother for their wonderful lives, what they meant to me, and especially for their visit to me on August 15, 1945. I want to see Brother George and assure him that I will attempt no surgery on him through our stay. I am sure that will be a relief to him after the much pain and suffering I have caused him. I want to see Maria Jane for the first time; I am sure I will recognize her and hope she will be as anxious to see me. I want to apologize to Lloyd for the poor job I have done assisting Lloyd, Jr.; he being of such a forgiving nature, I am sure he will understand.

Some day—for there will be no nights—I want to visit Aunt Emma and John. I have lots of apologies to make to John, first for the poor job I have done on Jack and Thomas, but I want to assure him that Mattie has done such a wonderful job that my services were not needed very much. I want to see John Bunyan and tell him how much I have enjoyed *Pilgrim's Progress* not only for its story, but for its beautiful English, and explain to him my journey. I want to sit on the sidewalk with Edgar Guest and whittle—something I have had little opportu-



Marcie

nity to do in this world. I want to talk to Livingstone. I want to ask Dimitris more about the Robe; I want to hear his description of how he felt when he put it on. I want to meet the Emperor's physician and see how he felt when he learned that his theories were all wrong. And I want to thank, through all eternity, D. J. Traynham for his wonderful rearing, advice, etc., that he rendered to Marcie, for she has truly been an angel.

Mr. DeShazo, Joshua Thomas, and many others I want to see. I want to tell little Gertie how Brother Tom and "Hon" missed her, tell Edgar about Ren and Winnie, and tell C. P., Jr. about C. P. and Dee. I certainly want to thank Henry Messick for the wonderful times we have had together. I want him to tell me a few more of his jokes and his characteristic descriptions of people; he was truly a lovable character.

There are many other people I want to meet and many things I want to finish but, above all, I hope that Marcie and I will be acceptable members of that heavenly home in the skies, not made by hand.

V

A

Throughout my professional career I looked to the year 1945 when I could begin to curtail my professional activities, turning over the majority of my work to those associated with me, and I planned and looked forward with a great deal of enthusiasm to the many things which I longed to do. There were many fishing spots I had anticipated exploring—a new supply of fishing tackle I was anxious to try out. My bird dogs had been waiting for this moment; guns were clean, hunting trips arranged. There were some more cups I wished to win in the regattas which we enjoyed so much each summer. I especially wanted to visit the old home place, renew old acquaintances, sit around the old country store fire discussing with my playmates of yore, not only the wonderful past we spent in Poquoson, but also the trends of the present and the prophecy of the future. Marcie and I have had the privilege of traveling fairly extensively and we looked forward to resuming that pleasure. Our travels so far had taken in most of the United States, Nova Scotia and other parts of Canada, Bermuda, and certain areas of Mexico. Our prospective itinerary as outlined by us included South America, Cuba, and Alaska; also, we hoped that we would be able to travel abroad before we got too decrepit. But instead of pleasure and retirement, in the latter part of 1941 we witnessed the greatest tragedy the world has ever known—the advent of World War II.

The Pearl Harbor incident impressed on us more forcefully than anything else could have the inadequacy of our defenses. The bases that we were supposed to have made impregnable were found to be very sadly and disastrously inadequate; this in spite of the tremendous revenues that we had paid for such purposes through previous anxious years. The plain fact emerged that our Government, our

Army, and our Navy had completely deceived us as to our preparation, and we learned to our dismay that they in whom we had put our trust, after two full years of studying defenses and visiting the numerous bases of our allies, had sadly neglected their duty. How sad was the awakening on Sunday morning, December 7, 1941, when the news of the attack was flashed over the world!

Pearl Harbor could have been any other navy installation we had at that time. For instance, our own local Norfolk Naval Base and Langley Field represented the expenditure of billions of dollars, and we were led to believe that they were impregnable; at the same time the German submarines were sinking scores of our ships within a hundred miles of our greatest naval and army bases, and they were apparently helpless to do anything about it. The other disasters that befell us in the early part of this war were just as tragic. The army and navy officers and the standing armies that the taxpayers had paid for were found greatly wanting, and it remained for the civilians to do what was done in every army and navy theatre to bring about the collapse of our enemies. This was true, regardless of the numerous citations received by the Annapolis and West Point graduates. A fair example can be found in the Pentagon building in Washington. We, in Newport News and on the Peninsula in general, were on a "hot spot", and over night all of our facilities were taxed beyond our strength. This was especially so with the medical profession. We were called upon to supply our quota of doctors, and at the same time meet the needs of a population that had tripled in six months' time; all of our resources were mobilized for the great job ahead.

At the very beginning of our entering the war I was asked to be the Procurement and Assignment Officer for this congressional district, which not only takes in the cities of Newport News, Williamsburg, Hampton, and Phoebus, but Warwick, Elizabeth City, York, Gloucester, Matthews, and Middlesex counties as well. This job necessitated interviewing and recording a short his-

tory of each doctor in these various places, with more details given about the doctors under forty-five. Through this data we would be able to assign certain doctors to the civilian population and at the same time meet our quota each month for the army and navy and public health. That would have been one man's job if he had nothing else to do. Dr. Hugh Trout of Roanoke was state chairman of these various committees. He stated at our first meeting that he wanted us to pledge each other that we would act as pallbearers at the death of any member of the committee, as we would not have enough friends in the medical profession to perform such services if necessary.

As you know, Marcie was asked to organize and head up the Motor Corps of the American Red Cross. No individual or combination of individuals gave more thought, time, and patriotic consideration to her duties than she. I was asked by the Corps to teach them First Aid and Advanced Training which I did two nights a week for months, graduating somewhere around one hundred and fifty of the most loyal group of women I have ever known. I was also asked to head up the Civilian Defense of the Riverside Hospital. This necessitated organizing the whole staff into groups, assigning them to particular posts of duty, and seeing that each group and each man was at his post during the numerous air-raid alarms we had at that period. This, in itself, was a full-time job.

In addition to that, I served on the Examining Draft Board of Warwick County one night a week. As Procurement and Assignment Officer I could not assign any other doctor in this district to active duty in the army or navy when I had eligible men with me, so the first thing I did was to ask my two men to enlist, though realizing at the time that it would be practically impossible for me to carry such a load. Fortunately, I had a very capable surgical nurse and even though the hospital staff was completely disrupted we managed to muddle through, but the greatest blow of all came when my secretary, who had been with me a great number of years, resigned. Cir-

cumstances forced her to resign—she being married and expecting an addition to her family—but as soon as she was able she assisted me in every way possible, for which I am very grateful.

In the middle of 1944 I began to have discomfort and attacks of pain in my left lower abdomen; it was at first very mild, but due to the additional war strain with the lack of assistance it became more frequent and more severe. On January 17, 1945, after a strenuous day, I was taken sick that night and have been so ever since. I realized the fact that I was pretty well “shot” generally, so when my doctors suggested a few months’ rest I thought I would recover, but instead of getting better my attacks became more frequent and more severe.

Around the first of February, on the advice of my physicians, I went to Florida. Miami being in the grip of war activities (all they needed was a fence around it, with lunatic signs), I found the strain there even more severe than at home. I had a rather severe attack there; knowing it impossible to get any adequate medical care, I wired Marcie and met her at Daytona Beach. There I entered the Halifax District Hospital and remained for a week under intensive treatment. Incidentally, I am unable to describe the anguish in my heart at the pain and distress I could see under the smile in Marcie’s every expression, though she met this situation bravely and adequately as she had always done. After some marvelous intercession, she finally secured a compartment so that we were able to return to Richmond, where I entered the Medical College of Virginia Hospital under the care of Dr. I. A. Bigger and his staff. I improved for the next ten days and was allowed to come home, thinking perhaps my condition would eventually clear up non-surgically, but I continued to have attacks, getting more severe all the time.

On May 10 I re-entered Medical College Hospital and on May 13 I was operated on for a ruptured diverticulum of the sigmoid. I stood the immediate operation well but soon began to develop numerous complications. The

first one was an abscess forming in the suture line which a few days later was evacuated, resulting in a fistula. Several days after that I developed an abdominal distention that necessitated two enterostomies. During this time I was unable to take any nourishment, my nutrition being maintained through transfusions and other intravenous therapy. Unfortunately for me, the internes and residents, through their inexperience, destroyed practically every vein I had superficially; this practically prohibited any mode of nourishment except under the skin, which was extremely painful and very inefficient. During the month of June, you will recall, we had a great deal of rain; in fact, it rained practically every day. The James River around Richmond overflowed its banks and there was quite an epidemic of gastro-intestinal disease. I had two attacks of this which depleted my general condition a great deal, being unable to get proper intravenous nourishment and at the same time retaining nothing by mouth. The first of July I developed an abscess that eventually ruptured into my bladder; this was the most serious complication of all and the one I had been dreading all the time. This necessitated a temporary transverse colostomy, which no doubt has contributed a great deal to the saving of my life, but at the same time it is one of the most trying conditions one can have.

Through this series of complications my general condition was getting gradually weaker and I am sure I would never have been able to fight them if it were not for the great interest, generosity, and prayers of my many associates, friends, and loyal patients. Especially am I indebted to my many ministerial friends who constantly visited me and sent remembrances. I recall so vividly the great services rendered by Doctors J. W. Moore, Bernard Lipscomb, John Paul Tyler, C. C. Bell, J. T. Moore, Manning Hank, Dr. Reeves, Mr. Hall and Jimmie Sanders; also the numerous other pastors of my acquaintance. I have never had impressed on me more forcefully the very small debt I have been able to pay for the great privilege of serving on the Virginia Conference

Orphanage Board; I shall be eternally indebted to "Daddy" MacAllen, John Redd, E. W. Evans, Tom Davis, John Blanton, Charles Chappelle, Col. R. L. Brewer, and the numerous other friends I have made on that Board. The Men's Bible Class of Trinity in Newport News has always been very close to my heart and I can assure you their many contributions and prayers were greatly appreciated by us. The numerous visits and floral tributes of Dr. Nicholas, affectionately known as "Brother Nick", are very happy thoughts in our chest of memories. My medical and surgical confreres were most solicitous about my well-being. I recall with a great deal of pleasure the visits of Drs. Bill Poindexter, Longaker, Payne, Sinclair, Stubbs, Hunnicutt, G. C. Amory, Cutler, Ralph Walker, Jim Smith, Peter White, Will and Wade Traynham, and many others, many of whom not only comforted me but gave of their blood by transfusion which sustained my strength.

The devotion between two sisters could never be more beautifully demonstrated than was shown by Lillie toward Marcie. In addition to the numerous things she presented for my comfort, including giving of her blood along with Irving and other members of Marcie's family, Lillie spent weeks in Richmond with Marcie helping to relieve her load tremendously during those trying hours. Lillie and Will and their children, living and Carrie and their family have forever endeared themselves to me, and I do hope that after my recovery we will be able to visit them more often and enjoy their companionship to the fullest extent.

In view of the above, words fail me when I reflect on the great joy and hope that were stimulated in me through my immediate family. Every one of my brothers and sisters was constantly at my bedside throughout my illness, and my feeble mind isn't capable of expressing to them my everlasting gratitude. But greatest of all was the complete devotion and angelic help rendered by my ever-devoted wife, Marcie. She never left my bedside during the days and many a night, always

brave, smiling encouragement when I knew that her heart was breaking. No human being could have been more capable, helpful, encouraging, and loyal than she.

After my colostomy, instead of improving, my condition became progressively worse. I know personally that doctors in general, and mine in particular, are the greatest actors in the world; they don't parade before the footlights but are taught to conceal their emotions, thoughts, and personal feelings. Dr. Bigger and his staff are no exceptions, but they did not deceive me for a moment. I appreciated their encouragement and loyal, skillful service, but every act was indelibly imprinted on my mind; I read their hopelessness under the masks of disguise.

B

I have never taken any drugs of any kind to speak of in my life, so a small dose of any narcotic at first would "knock me out" for hours, but it had gotten to the point that a massive dose would only relieve me for a short time—a space of an hour or so. My faithful nurses had done everything humanly possible for nurses to do. They exhausted themselves in my care and to them I am forever grateful. But on the night of July 15 nothing they did, no narcotic they administered, had any effect. I was rapidly approaching what I knew to be the end unless a miracle happened. About midnight my nurse gave me an opiate which lasted perhaps an hour. She was practically exhausted and upon my insistence she made herself comfortable in a chair and went to sleep. About two o'clock I realized that it was questionable whether I would see the light of day again. In my great agony and despair, I pled to my father and mother in Heaven to intercede for me. I knew they had never forsaken me while on this earth, and I knew they would not now. It seemed as though all of my prayers and efforts had been in vain; I felt as though nothing had been granted for which I had asked. So about two o'clock that morning I was lying on my bed facing the west window in Room 14-F-14, when all of a sudden I had the most un-

usual experience that any human being could have. I want you to realize fully that through all my illness I had not for one moment lost my mental faculties—my mind was just as clear as it had always been—I was not asleep—I did not dream it—it was not a vision—it was a true actuality which is just as clear to me today as any experience I have had in life.

As I was looking out of this window, all of a sudden a shaft of light shone down from Heaven through that window and my father and mother approached me through that shaft of light. They were not as clear as I had seen them in life—their features were not as distinct; there seemed to be a mist, though very slight, between us. Mother was dressed in black, the dress extending down to the ground and I could only see the tip of her shoes; the little white ribbon was around her neck, and very distinctly she was wearing the gold brooch which contained the silver wire which was used to close the incision on C. P. when he had his operation. All of you recall that, as she wore it for years. Her hair was as black as it ever was, though perhaps a little thinner, parted in the middle and combed back behind her ears. She was perhaps a little paler, and there was a slight ashen hue to her complexion; otherwise, every feature was as distinct as I had ever seen. Her hands were folded across her breast and her face contained the most angelic serenity I had ever beheld. She was perfectly at ease and at peace. She wore her glasses; as you recall, they had a little tilt in them that was very marked. Standing to her left, a head higher than Mother's head, was Dad. I could see only his head, neck, left shoulder, arm, and left leg. He was dressed in white. His features were just as distinct and aristocratic as ever. His long whiskers were neatly groomed—his hair was perhaps a little thinner and combed straight back. He, also, had that slight ashen complexion that Mother had. He was very peaceful, quiet, and dignified. Both of their eyes pierced my very soul. It seemed as though we were in communion for several hours, but there was not a word

spoken between us. In a twinkling of an eye they disappeared—neither spoke a word. After they were gone something said to me, “It will be all right. Stand up and fight.” I turned over and the nurse was still asleep and I, in turn, fell off into the most peaceful, glorious sleep I have ever known. I slept for hours.

The next morning when my day nurse came on she was amazed. She said, “Doctor, what has happened to you?” I said I felt much better. She ran down the hall and, meeting Marcie coming in as she usually did as early as possible, said to her, “Something has happened to Dr. Amory; he is better than he has been for weeks. I cannot understand it.” Marcie hurried into the room and was as completely amazed as anyone. She said, “Doc, what happened?” I said, “I will tell you when I feel a little stronger”, which I did as soon as I could.

My doctors and all the family in attendance were amazed at what happened, but none of them except my darling wife knew. From that day to this I have never doubted that I would get well and there must be something left for me to do in this world, for from every rule of surgery and every opinion I have been able to obtain from my medical and surgical colleagues, I should not be alive today; I am healing through a miracle, assisted greatly by the science of surgery.

I have always believed in the Bible for many reasons. Perhaps one of the most important is that my mother told me that it was true and I believed everything my mother ever said. I believe in all the Biblical miracles, but I am also convinced that there is no miracle performed by Christ when he was on earth any greater than the miracle of my recovery.

All of you know that I am not emotional; I do not dream dreams, but for several weeks after that it was practically impossible for me to control myself. It was not from pain or suffering—I can stand that—but it was the result of the accumulation of joys that had been built up by my friends, my family, my devoted wife, and the intercession of my father and mother. I could not get

over that. There has not been a day since that time but that this experience has been very clearly in my memory. Even if I had any other desire, any other inclination than serve the memory of my father and mother and the great miracle of my Creator, I would have no other choice. I resolved that night, and I am just as firm in that resolution today, that I would spend the rest of my life in His service. Whatever He wants me to do, wherever He wants to send me, my answer is, "Here am I."

C

After the above, you can imagine my great joy on being permitted to leave the hospital on August 24, 1945, after two previous disappointments. I was weak and exhausted, but I have never in my life enjoyed such an automobile ride as Frank Carder gave me that day. The world never looked more beautiful, the flowers more colorful. Indelibly impressed on my mind is the entrance to my home and my bedroom. That was indeed a palace to me, and the only time I saw Marcie lose herself or shed one tear was when she placed me in my bed.

I gradually improved from day to day under the exceptionally fine care of my ever-devoted wife and the constant attention of my medical and surgical friends, Drs. W. O. Poindexter, Tom Hunnicutt, and Al Creecy. Right here I want to pay tribute to my most efficient, loyal, and professional nurses. Althea and Gladys were not only extremely skillful in their care, but the most loving and devoted friends that we had during this trying period. Mrs. Kramer, Mrs. Bartholomew, Mrs. Terrell, and Miss Paschal were always alert, diligent, and faithful in their duties. I am deeply indebted to Frances Dellinger and Mildred Bright for the invaluable service they rendered caring for my office and professional duties here. To them all I am deeply grateful.

About a month after I left the hospital I went back to visit Dr. Bigger. He was very much pleased with my progress but suggested I see Dr. Harvey Stone in Balti-

more, which I did on October 22. (That was the trip when E. B. showed me such a wonderful trick.) Upon my return home, I was able to get out more and more, and I can assure you it was a wonderful feeling.

On the fifth of January, 1946, we left for Florida, and I am unable to tell you the misgivings with which I began that great undertaking, as from the first of October Marcie had administered daily to me a very trying and complicated treatment which at times would take two or three hours. I had had, all together, nine nurses; not detracting from any of them, I can say that she administered it more skillfully and less painfully than any of the preceding number. We continued these treatments in the various hotels throughout our journey down and our stay in Florida. We spent a very pleasant, profitable, and happy visit there. I had gotten back a great deal of my strength and weight and we returned to our home the latter part of March. From that day to this my progress has been uneventful. Very distinct in my mind is the statement that Marcie made continuously, that "Faith without works availeth nothing." She really went to work.

Marcie was very much interested through my illness in a "Wishing Well" that appeared in the daily paper. It is of interest to record some of her findings:

"A search for aid."

"A cause for heavenly thanks."

"Look forward to happiness."

"You will do a line act."

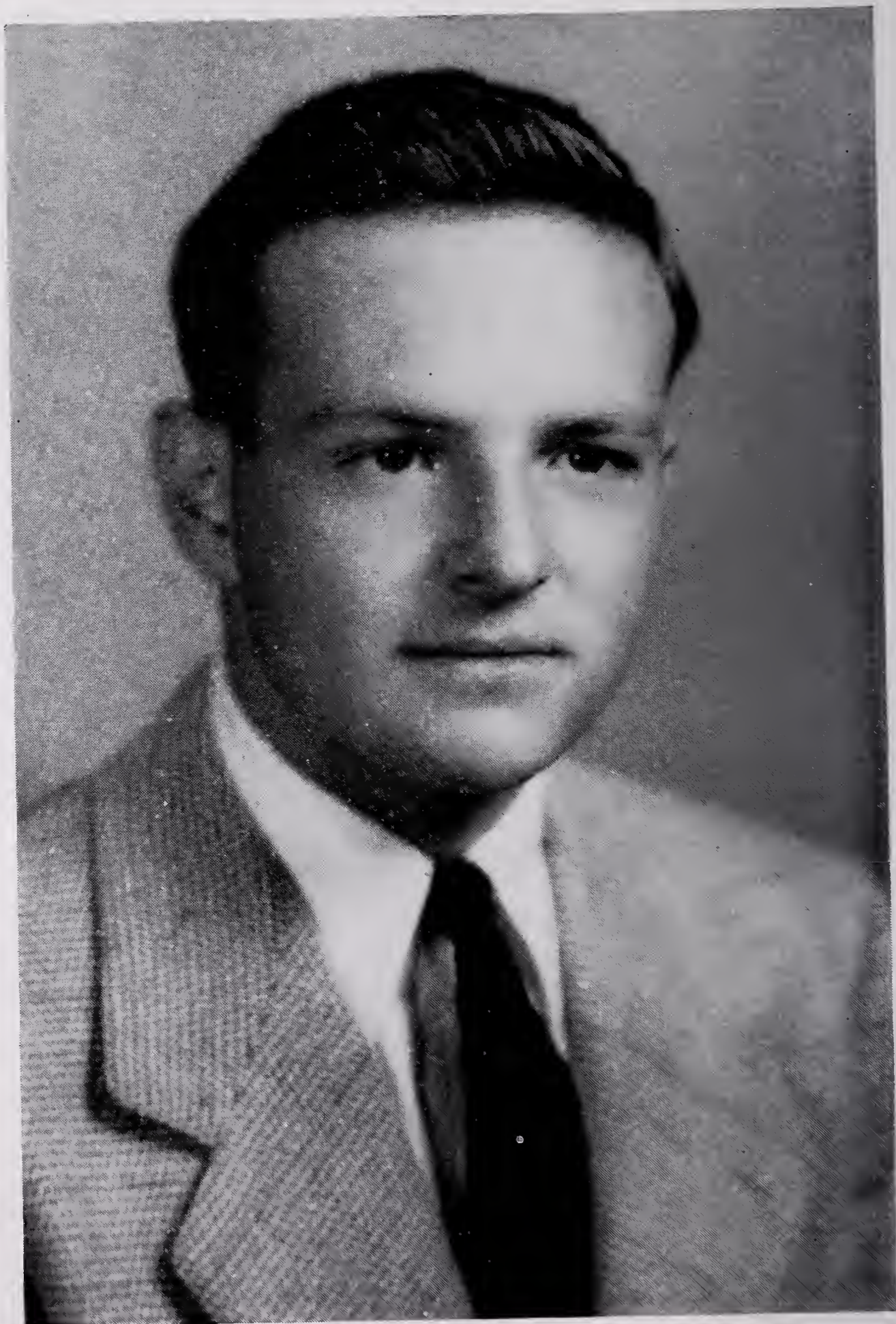
"Seek help with prayer."

"Divine aid."

"Your turning point."

"Cease to worry."

Our stay in Florida was cut short a few weeks due to the fact that O. T. had been discharged from the naval hospital and was home. You no doubt know that O. T. had had three emergency landings while flying in the Navy, the first one occurring during July when I was ill in the hospital. He did not let any of the family know



O. T., Jr.

anything about this for fear it would get to us. He was in the hospital for a few days, and then returned to his duty in Rhode Island. He was due to be discharged from the Navy in January and we hoped that he and Lloyd, Jr., who was getting out about the same time, could join us in Florida and drive us back. But a few days before his time for discharge from the Naval Air Corps, the old trouble from the injury recurred and he was admitted to the hospital where he underwent a rather severe operation. Knowing that the Navy would notify us of his operation, he then told us for the first time of his previous accident.

Since he had been discharged from the hospital and was at home recuperating, he greeted us upon our arrival, and so did E. B. with a most delicious supper. After a few happy days at home, O. T. had to return to his duties in Rhode Island, but I am delighted to say that both he and Lloyd, Jr. have now been discharged from the Navy and are thoroughly enjoying civilian life again. They spend many pleasant hours comparing notes on their war experiences and regaling us with interesting incidents that occurred.

Since my return home from Florida, my recovery has continued progressively and life is indeed very happy with the exception of the ever-present colostomy and also a very sore mouth and tongue. One morning in January 1946 I awoke with a very sore mouth and tongue. Having had a bridge made shortly before leaving for Florida, I thought perhaps that was causing it. I visited the dentist and he whittled on that for a while, which did not help the mouth at all. I began to use various mouth washes, thinking perhaps I had picked up some infection. They had no effect and the mouth was steadily getting worse. Due to the restricted diet on which I had been since my colostomy, I figured perhaps it might be a vitamin deficiency so I started taking various vitamins although I had been taking Vitamin C right along which is an acid vitamin. This had no effect. I stopped smoking for ten days or two weeks with apparently no effect.

Then I began to take the condition rather seriously as it was extremely annoying. I interviewed three internists, three surgeons, three dentists, and two bacteriologists. All of them did all they possibly could, but the fact remains I still have a sore mouth. At the present time, six months later, it is still sore and I am still taking various and sundry vitamins and other medicines seeking relief.

I cite all this in detail, not to emphasize the fact that I have been suffering with a sore mouth along with my other troubles nor to impress on you the difficulty of giving up the habit of smoking after having indulged in such a pastime for the past forty-five years. Instead, I want to impress on you, especially the younger of you, that there is no Utopia to be found in the medical profession but, on the contrary, there are marked limitations found in the art and science of practicing medicine and surgery. It appears to me that if I have had all of this trouble trying to get clear of apparently a minor infection as a sore mouth when I have access to all the best doctors, hospitals, laboratories, and drugs which are extended to me as a courtesy of my profession, how much more handicapped are those of you who have no such connections but are simply at the graces of the medical and dental professions.

The expense of being sick is overwhelming, even in short illnesses, but in long illnesses such as I have had it is catastrophic. I have always believed in and fought for preserving the medical profession intact as I have known it for the first twenty-five out of my thirty-one years of practice, but I could not be true to my professional ideals unless I said to you that I am very much concerned over the dignity and ethical phases of practicing medicine today. A system of specialization in the various phases of medicine is rapidly developing throughout the profession. Through this system most of the doctors are rapidly becoming specialists in every branch of practice which, if allowed to continue, will completely eliminate the old family doctor—with his charm and devotion to duty—of my generation which has always been the bul-

wark against anything smattering towards changing the call to practice medicine to a profession. When the profession loses its intimate patient-to-doctor contact, with the confidence and devotion of both, it has lost its greatest therapeutic value.

With these facts in mind, I am not altogether persuaded that some socialized system of medical practice wouldn't be preferable to our present system. Please don't misunderstand me: under no circumstances would I be willing to have social political medicine, but in this day of frayed nerves and cracked minds a tremendous element of the medical profession is capitalizing on these conditions which is hastening some type of political medicine. On the other hand, during my practice I have seen hundreds of young married couples—and some older ones—sacrifice their future financially trying to seek relief from some imaginary ailment or some very unfortunate pathological condition that required months of hospitalization and medical care for its relief. It does look as though, after twenty centuries, the people of the earth should learn something, but among many other things they have not learned is some system whereby an unfortunate illness should not handicap a couple the rest of their lives financially.

But I want to say to you that in my particular case my illness has not been without its benefits. I feel rather certain that had I continued the tremendous strain under which I was laboring I perhaps would have developed a more serious condition than I have. I don't consider that I have reached the age of senility, but there is hardly a week but I read in the paper of some of my friends around my age dropping out from heart condition, mental strain, and other similar conditions which I think can be attributed to the desire and anxiety of my medical generation to overcome a lot of these so-called modern medical practices mentioned above. In addition, my illness has enabled me to do many things that I wanted to do through my life, and one is to write you this short message. I have wanted more time to really reflect over my past medical

career and other activities, especially to become really acquainted with my home, my wife, and my son. My sickness has enabled me to satisfy many of the hungers of my soul, spiritually and other ways.

CHAPTER VI

A

I have had the privilege and pleasure of a rather extensive medical and surgical practice during the past thirty-two years. Previously I had spent four years in medical college and one year internship. Since that time I had an unusually large experience in my tour of army service of seeing a great many sick people, but during my whole practice of medicine I have never seen a case similar to mine. Nor had I heard of one until my present condition developed and, ironically enough, the only other similar case I know of occurred in a doctor of considerable medical experience. I understand that his case has run a similar course to mine, the only difference being that he refuses to have a colostomy which has prolonged his case indefinitely and, personally, I don't think he will ever get well until he has one. I can assure you he has my deepest sympathy.

It has now been twenty months since I first developed this condition in its acute form and I am beginning to anticipate the procedures that I hope will terminate successfully my present incapacity. In order to secure the very best medical opinions possible I have spent the past several weeks visiting and discussing my condition with many of my colleagues, including at least three of America's outstanding surgeons. These trips have been rather tiresome and fatiguing, but each one has had not only its advantages professionally but many pleasant and amusing incidents as well. I am hoping that through their advice and my somewhat matured opinion after study of the available literature I will be able to be restored to a reasonable state of health in the coming autumn.

All in all, this has been a rather pleasant and profitable summer with one exception—and that has been Ren's illness. I have tried to spend as much time as possible with him but I must admit that I have been rather loath to

discuss his condition with him in detail, fearful of the thought that he might try to pin me down as to the true nature of his condition. It has been one of the blessings of his life and a great relief to all of his family that he hasn't known the seriousness of his condition up to this time. He, having such a joyous outlook on life, has been rather philosophical in accepting his condition without too much inquisition as to its cause. Very vivid in my mind is the similar illness that Brother George went through. He, being of a more inquisitive nature, demanded that I tell him the true story which I can assure you was one of the hardest things I have ever had to do.

The things that I have said concerning Ren and Winnie in a previous chapter have certainly been most prominently demonstrated in his present illness. This is perhaps more vivid in my mind at present as I am constantly in touch with them now, and time often mellows the memory of similar conditions in the past. Ren's progress in the last two years is, to say the least, most remarkable. At the time of his operation in June 1944 the surgeon gave him three months to live. I, seeing the operation and the extensiveness of the pathology, agreed with the surgeon. How he has kept up and active until a few weeks ago is another mystery that surgery cannot explain. For the past few days he has been in a semi-stupor, rallying at times, though unable to take any food now or any nourishment for three days. But to the amazement of all present this afternoon he rallied, stating that he had been dreaming of eating an ice cream cone. In a few moments one was presented to him and he seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.

To all of us—and I might add, to my ministerial friends—the fact that one can lead such a life and have such a quiet serenity in the later days of his illness whereby his mind can be centered, not in self-pity or remorse at his present state, but instead on more simple and pleasant things, is in itself an example of the living Christ working in him, and I feel that many a worthwhile sermon could be developed on this particular state of a Christian's life when his strength is fast ebbing.

Similar to my own case, a more beautiful example of love and devotion could never be described than was shown by Winnie and her whole family during these trying days.

In addition to visiting Ren and several other members of the family who have been sick, I have enjoyed seeing one or two of my old patients who are bedridden. I have necessarily had to confine this to a very few patients as I am unable physically to see many, though I would like very much to do so. I have paid several visits to the hospital and a few to my office, but I must admit that they haven't been very stimulating. Once one has to give up the things that he has helped build, the things that have meant so much to him, it is rather disconcerting to go back to see the old place again. It should not be that way as the Riverside Hospital and the Medical Arts Building in general are keeping well ahead of the best in medicine today and that in itself is a great satisfaction, but I have longed so much to get back in the running again that it does leave certain pricks that are hard to overcome. One of the hardest things that I have had to combat has been to make myself do the things that I know I should do. There is such a constant tendency to avoid things for various reasons and to feel sorry for oneself, but I am delighted that Marcie has kept constantly behind me on this and I have done—and enjoyed—a great many things that I would not have done otherwise. She has kept on her dresser through these trying days one of the most beautiful sentiments I have ever read in the way of a prayer. It is as follows:

“Give me the serenity to accept what cannot be changed—

Give me the courage to change what can be changed—

The wisdom to know one from the other.”

—*Reinhold Niebuhr.*

This has certainly typified every act of her life and I am sure Ren also accepted the sentiment years ago.

On August 16, Ren joined our family circle which is rapidly forming in the skies. He held on to the life which he had lived so beautifully to the end. The last three weeks were spent, in my opinion, remarkably free from pain. Never once has he complained of pain, agony, or any distressing symptoms; his only expression was that he was tired, weak, and weary.

As I was privileged to sit by his bedside and administer such little relief as the medical profession afforded, I had time to meditate and see the beautiful ending of a life that demonstrated to me "the way one lives, so he dies." During these hours there was constantly brought to my mind the difference between a Christian's death and the death of one who has broken practically all of God's commandments. I have in mind an old patient of mine whom most of you know and all of you know of. We will call him "Mr. E." This man had lived a life that included all of the tragedies in breaking the laws of man and God—even to the extent of murder. It was my privilege to attend him in his later days and I recall very vividly the night of his death. It was a beautiful moonlight night and I knew he could not survive the following sunrise, so about midnight I went to the home of his daughter with whom he lived—in one of the most destructive and slum areas of Newport News. When I arrived his two daughters were giving a party downstairs; all of them were under the influence of liquor and very boisterous in their method of entertainment. I went upstairs to the room of their father. He was lying on an old bed with no mattress; he had on his overalls; one old dirty comfort was on the bed. It was so cold that I kept my overcoat on throughout my stay. From then until around four a.m., when he expired, he kept up one continuous, horrible, hideous expression, punctuated with the most damnable oaths one ever heard—fighting devils constantly—and on two or three occasions I had to put him back in bed. He died as he had lived, a horrible life culminating in a horrible death. On the other

hand, Ren's life had been one of service, roses, and orchids. He died with all the members of his immediate family, brothers and sisters, many in-laws and friends around his bedside—all hands eager to do his slightest bidding. He was simply sleeping his life away instead of cursing and fighting to the end. The last few days of his life are ones that I am sure no one present will forget.

To his children he left this parting message, "Always treat everybody right. Give full measure overflowing. Never promise anyone anything that you cannot do. I want you all to share and share alike." Is there any more valuable inheritance that any children can receive than those words? They were the keystones upon which he had built his social, political, business, and religious life. He called for his brothers and sisters and asked all to line up as he wanted to get a good look at us. Then he remarked, "I have never seen a finer bunch of brothers and sisters. Are all of you all right? I want to know before I go." He was simply acting as though he were going on a long trip. I am sure we will never forget that scene. Ren was accepting the inevitable gracefully, and I do hope that the others of us will be able to accept it the same way.

We will never forget the untiring and ceaseless devotion that Winnie demonstrated to Ren not only through his life but up to the very end. It was most beautiful to behold. As for Caroline, there never was a more devoted daughter. I remarked to her one day about it and she said, "Uncle Otis, I simply worship Daddy." That was her only answer. To Gladys and Althea we owe a debt that we shall never be able to pay; we want you to know that we are exceedingly grateful.

On the eighteenth of August Ren's remaining five brothers, assisted by George, Jr. and Charlie and Johnnie Lawson, bore him to his last resting place. We were grieved but very proud that we had been able to carry out our vows made at Mother's death, and I do hope the rest of us will continue those vows until the last one of us is gone. When the last one of us is laid to rest I hope that we will be able to have fulfilled the sentiment of the

song that Alfred Forrest sang so beautifully at Mother's passing, "May the Circle Be Unbroken." We are rapidly joining that circle which has its nucleus in Maria Jane in 1876. Mother joined it in 1919, Father in 1930. Then followed Lloyd in 1933, Brother George in 1938, and now Ren. As, one by one, we pass on to the last I want someone to sing that the "circle is not broken in the skies."

I know all of you will understand why I have dwelt so much on Ren. Volumes could be written on him and then the whole story not be told. During Brother George's and Lloyd's illnesses my practice was of such a nature that I was unable to spend as much time with them as I have with Ren. That has been one of the benefits I have received from my illness.

To all of you, and especially to Winnie and her children, the future looks dark and the load seems to be heavy but I want to assure you that time mellows many memories and will heal in the most benevolent way the pains and loneliness you are experiencing now. I don't know of anyone who has more to be grateful for than you. He told me shortly before he died that he had provided for his family, left his sons an excellent business, and left an inheritance of which they should not be ashamed. In all of his thinking and acting up to the end, it was for others.

C

I am looking forward with great anticipation to November when I hope to have successfully concluded the main phases of my present illness. If I can have this colostomy closed successfully, I shall then begin to reap many of the privileges and pleasures to which I had looked forward. If I do not pass through this period successfully, I will have no regrets for as I take an inventory today of my life I realize that I am an extremely wealthy individual. I am immensely wealthy in memories: Memories of my inheritance through such a father and mother, brothers and sisters. Memories of such a wonderful childhood where I had the privilege of being

reared in a godly home. Memories of my academic and college days which were strenuous but as I look back on them now the happiest days of my life. Memories of coming down the steps of Will Tranyham's home to receive the greatest gem of any man's life—when Marcie permitted me to accept her as my bride. Building the home of which I have previously spoken and building and maintaining a practice up until my physical disability ended that. The privilege of earning my own way through life. (I hope none of you, especially O. T., will be deprived of the opportunity of making your own way, the privilege of building your own life, for there is nothing more disastrous than to have too many material things passed on to one.) The great joy I have had in keeping my family under the delusion that I have been able to do something for them professionally, and I certainly don't want to disillusion you at this time. The sad, inward satisfaction of being able to be with Mother, Father, Lloyd, George, and Ren during their last days; there was very little I could do but I can assure you that everything known to the medical profession was done for them, which to me has been a great satisfaction. Yes, I am indeed wealthy in memories and I feel that I owe much to the world and do hope that I will be able to repay a small part of the great dividends I have received in the past, am receiving at present, and am looking forward to in the future.

D

It had been my intention not to complete this message until after I had the operation in November, but I find it would be practically impossible to have it printed before the Christmas season if I waited that long. Being rather anxious to have it off the press by that time, I have decided to anticipate a successful closure of the colostomy and proceed on that assumption though realizing, of course, that not all operations are successful. There are many things that can happen in even a trivial surgical procedure and if such should be my lot I would have foregone the pleasure of completing this story.

I do hope I have not left the impression on you that I am a complainer of trivial things; I don't think that is my nature as I am not inclined to worry too much about anything. But one will never know the full story of any condition similar to mine until one has experienced it. I am not speaking altogether of my particular side of the question, for the disturbance, the discomfort, and the almost unbearable circumstances which Marcie has been through overshadow any possible position of mine in this case. I can tell you that she has not had a night's sleep without at least two or more interruptions since August 24, 1945. Up until a few weeks ago she would not leave me for any reason, fearful of the fact that I could not take care of this condition by myself, and there are many other inconveniences which she has met most courageously without any thought of her own well-being. For her sake, if for no other reason, I would be careful not to complain too much, fearing that my Supreme Maker would really inflict me with something more serious to worry about and realizing, too, that regardless of our own discomforts there are many others who have more serious illnesses to deal with.

It has been a source of great satisfaction to me all through my illness that if any of my family had to have this condition I was the one to have it. There are several reasons for that statement. For one thing, my general situation would make it more bearable to me than to most of you. Then, too, my professional knowledge has enabled me to take care of the condition in a more scientific manner than any of you could possibly have done. Also, I have been privileged to do many things I could not have done if I had retained my previous health.

All in all, I am sure you rejoice with me that I at least have a chance offered me through my anticipated November surgery to again be restored to a reasonable state of health. If that is the case all of us, especially Marcie and I, will be eternally grateful. If, on the other hand, it is God's will that this is not terminated successfully that will be acceptable to me, for I realize fully that I am indeed a fortunate individual to have been spared

these past few months and I only hope and trust that I will be able to accept the inevitable as gracefully and as serenely as Ren and the others who have passed on accepted theirs.

VII

To each of you, the descendants of my brothers and sisters: I want to stamp indelibly on your hearts and minds the great heritage that is yours. I want you at all times to be ready and eager to challenge and defend this heritage against any questioning whatsoever. Woe be unto any of you that shall in any way break this chain of honorable, faithful, sober, and religious lives as set before you. I urge you, each and every one of you, to look well into your present lives, collecting with great care and prudence that which is good and noble, discarding forever that which seems even slightly smattering on that which is questionable, deceitful, or dishonorable even though it happens to be lawful. Because a thing is legal does not necessarily make it right, so in all of your dealings be honorable, truthful, and tolerant. In other words, be a lady or a gentleman at all times regardless of the cost to you. The father and mother of my brothers and sisters, through their lives, have set a goal that none of us can better but all of us should try to approach to the best of our ability. They lived most beautiful lives, walking in the steps of Him to whom all of us are accountable in the end.

Search diligently, and select with great care the girl or boy of your dreams. She will either make or break you. Your future success will depend more on her than any other single factor under your control from that date on. A few great men and women have risen above the levels of their partners in life, but they are the exceptions rather than the rule. Far more often will one partner drag the other down rather than be lifted up above his or her level. I urge you, therefore, to look well into the heritage—social, physical, and religious—and the spiritual standards of your future mate. These are great factors in your future health and happiness. In order for two individuals to attain that goal, first of all they must be

deeply in love with each other; this love must be demonstrated on all occasions. There must be a great deal of giving and taking in order to cement this love into one beautiful comradeship that will endure through trials, tribulations, joys, and happiness regardless of financial or other reverses.

Your life may seem successful to you for a season without divine guidance. You may accumulate money, even great wealth; you may become prosperous businessmen; you may flourish politically and hold great honors professionally, socially, and other ways; you may scale the highest pinnacle of success as gauged by the world at large. At the same time, your life will be a complete and utter failure in the end unless you follow the teachings of our Heavenly Father as so beautifully demonstrated by my father and mother. I have known men to gain the highest successes as measured by the standards of this world but they have only held them for a short fleeting period of time, and in order to accomplish that they may have lost the only thing in life that is worthwhile, and that is the pursuit of peace and happiness. There is no mission on earth more important. This does not mean peace and happiness for ourselves only. Oh, no, not that. There is only one way to gain peace and happiness for ourselves, and that is by sharing our peace and happiness with others. That is the only way that we can guarantee to retain it for ourselves.

I heard my father once say that when he got to Heaven—if and when he got to Heaven—he would have three great surprises. The first is he would see a great many people there that he had not expected to see; the second is he would miss a great many that he had expected to see; and third, that he got there himself. That has certainly been impressed on me very forcefully during my illness. There were a great many patients and friends of mine whom I had considered as giving very little thought to others, and instead I have found that their radiant spirits and inspiring acts of kindness to Marcie and me through their efforts to share their peace and happiness with

others have been the most valued treasures in my chest. And I can assure you from my little experience that they have gotten more pleasure out of doing those little things than through all the money they have accumulated.

I have a so-called news girl who has been delivering papers to my office for the past several years. She is seventy-one years old, enjoys perfect health, and is one of the happiest characters I know. Within my circle of friends there happens to be a very wealthy man but since he spends two thirds of his time in hospitals or doctors' offices he must be a rather miserable man. The former can get more enjoyment out of a five-cent ice cream cone than the latter can out of his millions in gold and bonds. The only worry the former has is whether she has to deliver her papers in the rain tomorrow or not. She can sit down to worry over that fact and she is lulled into peaceful slumber. The latter has all the burdens, trials, and tribulations that money alone can bring, in addition to no health and a questionable amount of peace and happiness. Which life would you choose? For me there is but one answer. I would rather occupy the shoes of the former than the earthly mansions of the latter, for she is building for eternity; her mansion is not made by hand. For the latter, his mansions, if his case runs true, will be of this earth and of short occupancy. Don't be lulled into the belief that happiness can be attained by social, political, and financial standing. It cannot. There is only one way that happiness can be attained in this life and that is through unselfish service to others.

This fact has been beautifully demonstrated to me in my practice. Looking back over my professional career, I can unhesitatingly say that the greatest joy I have received professionally and personally is that I have been able to share my talent and some of my earthly possessions with my family and some others who have been less fortunate than I.

Another great inspiration of my life has been helping to guide and direct and watching with great interest the growth and development of some boy or girl whom it

has been my privilege to help sponsor in some life activity. Nothing could be more blissful and produce more real happiness in later life than to see the end-product of a promising young adult when you can claim some of the materials that went into the development of such a character. Several years ago I wrote an article entitled, "Growing Old Gracefully in Medicine." There is no truer way to grow old gracefully in life than to leave some of the character and principles that motivated your life instilled into some younger being through which medium it can be perpetuated and improved.

Each of you in the younger generations should know and feel that we of the older generation are anxiously watching with great anticipation the perpetuation through you of the ideals of the Amory family.

Afterthought

When I began this little message in January 1946 during my stay in Florida, I had in mind trying to write something that might pass as an autobiography. (When I speak of writing in Florida, A. F. will then realize why I monopolized all the time of that beautiful brunette secretary.) As the story has developed, however, it has turned out to be more of a recitation of the passing events in my life instead of an autobiography in any sense of the word.

I want to assure you that Marcie did not see this volume before it went to the printer; otherwise, I am sure it would never have been printed. I am looking forward, therefore, with rather grave misgivings to my future well-being after its contents are disclosed to her, but realizing what a wonderfully forgiving nature she has I am in hopes that she will accept this as she has accepted my other shortcomings in the past.

I regret very much that Ren was unable to read this and I tried as hard as I could to complete it prior to his passing, but since it is my first attempt at writing anything of this nature I can assure you it has been rather difficult as well as pleasant.

It is a source of great pleasure to me that I have had time to do this and, at the same time, it has been a most pleasant way of passing the time—of which I have plenty at present. I do hope that all of you will receive half as much pleasure from reading it as I have had in writing it.

I am deeply indebted to Miss Cassie Childress for her invaluable aid in compiling and typing this volume.

I am indebted to the Rev. Garland Hopkins, Major, U. S. Army, for his valuable assistance in compiling the Amory genealogy.

The Amorys of Poquoson

The first Amory to live in Poquoson, York County, Virginia, was Thomas C. Amory, Sr. (b. -, d. 1829/30). He probably came to Poquoson from the lower precinct of Warwick County where lived the family of Thomas Chamberlain Amory who died around 1790. Thomas C. Amory, Sr. of Poquoson might well have been a grandson of this worthy who is first mentioned in Warwick records in 1782.

When Thomas C. Amory, Sr. settled in Poquoson in 1814, he moved into a community already nearly two hundred years old. The earliest settlements in what is now Poquoson, Virginia, were made along the York and Poquoson Rivers sometime around 1625 - 1632. The generally accepted date is 1630-1632, but there is some evidence that settlers penetrated the forests of the narrow peninsula and found the high banks of the York River at an earlier date. They very rapidly established a settlement not only on the York River, then known as the Pamunkey, but on the Back and Poquoson Rivers. In those early days the Back River was known as the Poquoson River and what is now known as the Poquoson was the New Poquoson River. By 1634 there were sufficient residents in the area for it to be included among the eight original shires under the name of Charles River. It was so called until 1643 when the name was changed to York.

The early settlers of Poquoson were, for the most part, of good English stock. Many of them were connected with the Colonial government at Williamsburg. They were in constant contact with new arrivals from England, both permanent settlers and government officials, and were able to maintain a high cultural standard. The late Dr. Lyon G. Tyler says of them: "It is perfectly evident from the environment" that most of these settlers belonged to "respectable families in England." "They were as a rule men of good education, and it is certain that no

better set of immigrants could have come to a new country for settlement.”

These new settlers faced grave problems, not the least of which were the Chiskiack Indians, who roamed the country, and the mosquitoes. They were able to conquer the Indians but to this day their descendants still wage incessant war against the mosquitoes. There were also wolves, for which rewards were paid, and beavers in large numbers.

By the time Thomas Amory had come to Poquoson the problems of earlier days had long been settled. The battle of Yorktown had been fought a generation before, and peace had followed after the Second War with Britain. Shortly after moving into the county, in fact the probable reason for settling there, Amory married Susanna Russell (b. 1788, d. -), daughter of Thomas Russell. The marriage bond given for this wedding is dated January 5, 1815. Amory's surety was Vincent Rollins who had married Susanna's sister. Three children blessed this marriage: Thomas Amory, Jr., Mary Susan, and John L. In 1829 the Amorys purchased twenty-five acres of land next to the estate of Starkey Robinson on Brace's Pond, but Mr. Amory did not live long enough to enjoy his new home. It is evident from York County records that he died in 1820 or in 1830, for in the census for 1830 Susanna Amory is listed as having one boy between the ages of ten and fifteen, one boy between five and ten, and one girl under five years. Too, in 1830 the York County property returns list the Amory property as T. C. Amory's estate.

John L. Amory, the second son, was born ca. 1823. He married Mary Jane (nee Messick) Martin, widow of Thomas Martin. They had no issue. After his wife's death, he moved to the home of his sister and lived with her until his death. His worldly goods had so dwindled by the time of his death that his administrator-nephew, John Franklin Amory, had only \$5.04 to distribute to each of his heirs, listed in York Will Book 14, page 326, as George W. Amory, James S. Forrest, H. Watkins,

E. R. Holloway, J. H. Lawson, William T. Quinn, J. F. Amory, and Elisha Lawson, Jr. as guardian for William Lawson. John L. Amory was 4th sergeant in Captain James T. Watkins' company, 115th Virginia Militia, in the War Between the States.

Mary Susan Amory, (b. 1825, d. 1906), married Elias Holloway, son of Robert Holloway, Jr., and a direct descendant of George Holloway who established the Holloway family in Poquoson ca. 1635. Mr. Holloway was an ardent prohibitionist in the early days of the movement. The children of this marriage were: Victoria Holloway who married William Manning Freeman, Melissa Holloway who married Robert Lee Forrest, Joseph Manning Holloway who married Emma Evans, Robert Holloway who married Joyce Ann Forrest, and Rosser Holloway who married Martha Robbins.

The eldest son, Thomas C. Amory, Jr., (b. 1818, d.-), married, first, Jane Martin (b. 1825, d. June 29, 1865), daughter of John Martin and Elizabeth Linton. The Martins are an ancient York family, probably descended from Nicholas Martiau, founder of Yorktown. Elizabeth Linton was one of the nine daughters of Elijah Linton who moved to York County at about the same time Thomas C. Amory, Sr. settled there. Thomas C. Amory, Jr. married, second, Martha Moore who died without issue. Mr. Amory lived the life of a farmer and waterman. He served as a private in Captain James T. Watkins' company, 115th Virginia Militia, in the War Between the States. He was a member of the Methodist Church and an ardent Democrat.

Eight children were born to his first marriage: John Franklin Amory, Thomas C. Amory, (b. 1845, d. unm. 1868), George Wesley Amory, Irella Amory, Mary Jane Amory, Emma Amory, Derusha Amory, and Elizabeth Amory.

George Wesley Amory married, first, Sarah Eleanor Watkins. Their children were: Lula Jane Amory who married Robert Caulfield, George Ernest Amory who married Maude Lutsey, Mary Genevieve Amory who

married Edward Langley, Derusha Virginia Amory who married William Graves, Anna Christine Amory who married Robert Caulfield, Thomas Littleton Amory who married Corinne Atkinson, Joseph Wilton Amory who married Lelia Smith, and Robena Amory who married Thomas Edgar Oast. George Wesley Amory married, second, Mrs. Addie Kite and their children were: Mildred Amory who married Jesse Hepinstall and Eleanor Amory who married Sidney Bayette.

Irella Amory married Isaac Lawson. Their children were: Mary Ella Lawson who married Henry Forrest, Elisha Lawson who married Blanche Forrest, Isaac Lawson, Jr. (deceased), George E. Lawson who married Eunice Rollins, Crooks Lawson who married Sue Carmines, Elias Samuel Lawson who married Carrie Martin, Charles T. Lawson (unmarried), and Jeff Rowe Lawson who married Nannie Wornom.

Mary Jane Amory married James Syphen Forrest. Their children were: Izora Forrest who married James Firth, Henry Thomas Forrest who married Carrie Freeman, James Syphen Forrest, Jr. who married Nettie Smith, Malvina Forrest who married Percy Adams, William King Forrest who married Esther Smith, and Alfred Forrest who remained unmarried.

Emma Amory married Henry Watkins and their children were: Irella Eliza Watkins who married Bernard Clyde Smith, Rosanna Elizabeth Watkins who married Joseph White, Jane Amory Watkins who married Wesley Shepherd, John Henry Watkins who married Mattie Lee Rollins, and Derusha Beatrice Watkins who married Frank John Kramer.

Derusha Amory married Willie Quinn. Their children were: Claude Quinn who married Lou Carmines, J. Sledd Quinn who married Mamie Forrest, and William Thomas (Charlie) Quinn who married Malissa Freeman.

Elizabeth Amory married Elisha Lawson. Their only child was William F. Lawson who married Ella Hunt.

John Franklin Amory, the eldest son of Thomas C.

Amory, Jr. and Jane Martin Amory, was born May 14, 1846, and died November 16, 1930. He married Maria Elizabeth Messick, daughter of Captain John Messick and Maria Linton Messick, on January 7, 1869. The Messick family moved to York County shortly after the Revolutionary War from the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Mr. Amory was born in Messick and lived there all his life. He was an oyster planter and leading figure in the seafood industry of that section, shipping his products throughout the eastern part of the States. He was a Methodist and a Democrat. In a striking obituary a former pastor wrote in the December 25, 1930, issue of the Richmond Christian Advocate that Captain John Franklin Amory “. . . was one of the best known men in lower York; and as highly esteemed, not to say loved, as known With but limited early advantages he acquired a fair education, became possessed of a good home and lucrative business, which enabled him to rear his large family and educate them and equip them for their places in business and in society He was a charter member of Trinity (Methodist Church) . . . served as a member of its Board of Stewards. . . . His liberality, his untiring energy, his unstinted hospitality, and love and confidence in the forces (sic) and pastor made his attitude to these felt for good in the entire community.”

Eleven children blessed the marriage of John Franklin Amory and Maria Elizabeth Messick Amory:

I (1)

Annie Virginia Amory (b. November 28, 1869) married December 11, 1890 Healey Topping (b. November 1865) son of John and Harriet Topping. Mr. Topping is a retired merchant of Messick, Virginia. He served as superintendent of the Trinity Methodist Church Sunday School for fifty years and has been a member of the Board of Stewards of this church for about sixty years. Democrat. Issue:

II. (1) Iola Amory Topping (b. Feb. 14, 1894) married April 26, 1916 John Robert Lawson (b. Oct. 20, 1892). Mr. and Mrs. Lawson live in Hampton, Virginia, where he is engaged in the seafood industry. He is a member of the City Council of Hampton. Methodist. Democrat. Issue:

- III. (1) John Healey Lawson (b. Sept. 1, 1917) married Estelle Walker. Mr. Lawson was educated at Randolph-Macon College, served as a Chief Petty Officer throughout World War II, and is now engaged in the produce business in Hampton, Virginia.
- (2) Infant (b. Dec. 7, 1918, d. Dec. 10, 1918)
- (3) Carolyn Anne Lawson (b. Sept. 20, 1920) married June 9, 1943, Willard Lee Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan was graduated from the Newport News Apprentice School, was a Petty Officer, USNR, and is now employed in the shipyard at Newport News, Virginia. Mrs. Lawson was educated at Mary Washington College. Issue:
 - IV. (1) Willard Lee Sullivan, III (b. June 28, 1944)
 - (4) Charles Franklin Lawson (b. Nov. 21, 1922) educated at V.P.I. and served as a Captain, AUS, in World War II. Unmarried.
 - (5) Robert Taylor Lawson (b. Jan. 1, 1927) attended V.P.I. and served as a Petty Officer, USNR, in World War II. Unmarried.
 - (6) Iola Amory Lawson (b. Mar. 20, 1928) attended Virginia Intermont College and is now a student at Brenau College. Unmarried.
- II. (2) John Franklin Topping (b. Oct. 25, 1895, died in infancy Oct. 29, 1895)
- (3) Harriet Lillian Elizabeth Topping (b. Dec. 30, 1896) married April 26, 1916 Charles Lemuel Lawson, Sr. (b. April 2, 1894). Mr. and Mrs. Lawson reside in Hampton Virginia, where he is engaged in the seafood business. He is a steward in the First Methodist Church. Democrat. Issue:
 - III. (1) Charles Lemuel Lawson, Jr. (b. Aug. 25 1918) married June 21, 1941 Ruth Ellen Estes. Mr. Lawson is a graduate of Randolph-Macon College and served as a Lt. (jg) USNR, in World War II. Issue:
 - IV. (1) Charles Lemuel Lawson, III, (b. Feb. 11, 1943)
 - (2) John Amory Lawson (b. Mar. 16, 1926) served in USNR during World War II and is at present a pre-med student at William and Mary College. Unmarried.

II. (4) John Franklin Topping, II (b. Dec. 25, 1898) married May 6, 1923, Elsie Irene Dawson (b. Dec. 20, 1902). Mr. and Mrs. Topping live in Newport News, Virginia, where he is engaged in the deep-sea trawling industry.

III. (1) James Franklin Topping (b. April 28, 1927) served in USNR World War II, and is now a student at V.P.I. Unmarried.

(5) Gertie Susan Topping (b. March 22, 1900) married May 24, 1923, Robert Skidmore Holloway (b. Oct. 8, 1893, d. Mar. 29, 1940). Mr. Holloway was with Standard Oil Company in Cape Charles, Virginia, prior to his death. Mrs. Holloway lives in Hampton, Virginia. No issue.

(6) Rosalyn Virginia Topping (b. Oct. 26, 1910) married June 16, 1934, Bernard Lee Robins (b. July 16, 1906). Mr. Robins is employed at Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company. They reside at their country home on Back River. Issue:

III. (1) Marcia Lee Robins (b. July 19, 1936)
(2) Ann Marie Robins (b. Oct. 21, 1941)
(3) Patricia Mae Robins (b. Oct. 21, 1941)

I. (2)

John Thomas Amory (b. Dec. 19, 1871) married Jan. 22, 1903, Mary Hunt, daughter of William and Missouri Hunt. Mr. Amory is a merchant of Odd, Virginia, and a steward of Tabernacle Methodist Church. Democrat. Issue:

II. (1) Archer Traynham Amory (b. Mar. 20, 1904, died in infancy, Aug. 8, 1904)

(2) Gertie Amelia Amory (b. Nov. 7, 1905, died unmarried Feb. 7, 1924.)

(3) John Thomas Amory, Jr. (b. May 22, 1912) educated at the College of William and Mary and is now cashier of Poquoson Bank, Odd, Virginia. He is a leading Methodist layman. Unmarried.

(4) Marshall Hunt Amory (b. Mar. 12, 1914) was graduated from Poquoson High School and is associated in business with his father at Odd, Virginia. Unmarried.

I. (3)

George Washington Amory (b. Sept. 14, 1873, d. Feb. 11, 1938) married February 28, 1896, Bernie Lawson, daughter of Captain John Robert Lawson and Caroline Moore Lawson. Mr. Amory resided in Messick, Virginia, where he was the proprietor of Amory's Wharf, engaged in a large shipping business and

represented Standard Oil Company for the lower Virginia peninsula. Methodist. Democrat. Issue:

II. (1) Lorraine Lawson Amory (b. July 26, 1900) married July 12, 1916, Marion Quinn. Mr. Quinn is proprietor of the McMenamin Crab Company, Hampton, Virginia. Issue:

III. (1) Marion Amory Quinn (b. May 13, 1918)

(2) Pauline Virginia Amory (b. June 29, 1902) married July 7, 1920, William Bradshaw. Mrs. Bradshaw was educated at Blackstone College. Mr. Bradshaw served in World War I in which he was wounded. They now reside in Indian River Park, Virginia, where Mr. Bradshaw is engaged in the seafood business. Issue:

III. (1) Anne Amory Bradshaw (b. Sept. 28, 1921) married Alfred Millner, Lt., AUS, in World War II.

(3) George Washington Amory, Jr. (b. July 13, 1904) married Feb. 10, 1921, Alma Lockard. Mr. Amory was educated at Randolph-Macon Academy. He is proprietor of the George W. Amory Seafood Company of Hampton, Virginia, and is president of the Hampton Lion's Club. Methodist. Democrat. Issue:

III. (1) Alice Lockard Amory (b. Nov. 28, 1921) married Lewis Roach, Lt., AUS, World War II.

(2) Gwendolyn Bernie Amory (b. Sept. 30, 1931). Unmarried.

(4) Endora Belle Amory (b. May 23, 1906) married Sept. 21, 1921, Garland Forrest, son of L. M. D. and Missouri Watkins Forrest. Mr. Forrest is the present proprietor of Amory's Wharf. Issue:

III. (1) Endora Belle Forrest (b. Oct. 30, 1922) married Major Gordon Cox, AUS, World War II.

(2) Howard Garland Forrest (b. Oct. 15, 1927) Now serving in the U.S.N.R.

(5) Mary Hunter Amory (b. April 4, 1910) married Feb. 10, 1927 Philip Allan Streeter. Residence: Baltimore, Maryland. Issue:

III. (1) Irene Hunter Streeter (b. Jan. 3, 1928)

(2) Phyllis Tracy Streeter (b. Mar. 15, 1929)

(3) Caroline Lorraine Streeter (b. Aug. 25, 1930)

I. (4)

Maria Jane Amory, born Mar. 30, 1876, died in infancy Nov. 18, 1876.

I. (5)

Alfonzo Franklin Amory (b. Sept. 29, 1877) married May 16, 1901, Annie Bishop, daughter of John Calvin Bishop and Martha Anne Bell Bishop. Mr. and Mrs. Amory live in Hampton, Virginia. Mr. Amory is president of A. F. Amory and Son Seafood Company, Newport News, Virginia, and operates a fleet of deep-sea trawlers. Methodist. Democrat. Issue:

II. (1) Bishop Franklin Amory (b. Jan. 27, 1903) married Dec. 25, 1926, Edith White. Mr. Amory is the manager of A. F. Amory and Son Seafood Company, Newport News, Virginia. Issue:

III. (1) Carol Amory (b. Oct. 4, 1940)

(2) Harold Irving Amory (b. Dec. 3, 1905) married Aug. 16, 1932, Nellie Thompson. For fifteen years he has been an officer of the medical corps, USA, in which he now serves as a colonel at Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.; saw service in the European theatre during World War II. Issue:

III. (1) Shirley Mae Amory (b. Oct. 5, 1934)

(2) George Franklin Amory (b. May 14, 1942)

I. (6)

Lorenzo Dolby Amory (b. April 11, 1880, d. Aug. 16, 1946) married Jan. 7, 1903, Winnie Otelia Lawson, daughter of John Robert Lawson and Caroline Moore Lawson. Mr. Amory was educated at Norfolk Business College. Until his recent death, he was actively engaged in L. D. Amory and Sons Seafood Company, Hampton, Virginia. Mrs. Amory is an authority on the history and background of the Amory and related families. Issue:

II. (1) Marvin Lawson Amory (b. Dec. 30, 1903) married Mar. 1, 1930, Gladys Evelyn Bruce. Mr. Amory is engaged in the seafood business, treasurer of L. D. Amory and Sons. Residence: Indian River Park, Virginia. No issue.

(2) Lorenzo Dolby Amory, Jr. (b. Sept. 27, 1906) married June 10, 1928, Susan Cabell Bledsoe. Mr. Amory is engaged in the seafood business, vice-president of L. D. Amory and Sons, Hampton, Virginia. Issue:

III. (1) Annie Lawson Amory (b. July 27, 1929)

(2) Sue Bledsoe Amory (b. Nov. 24, 1937)

(3) Caroline Elizabeth Amory (b. Nov. 24, 1908) married Feb. 7, 1930, Edward Orion Forbes. Mrs. Forbes was educated at Farmville State Teacher's College. Mr. Forbes is the proprietor of Standard Auto Parts, Newport News, Virginia. Residence: Hampton, Virginia. Issue:

- III. (1) Joyce Ann Forbes (b. April 12, 1934)
- (4) John Edgar Allen Amory (b. May 12, 1911, d. Sept. 1, 1922 without issue.)
- (5) Charles Reginald Amory (b. Nov. 30, 1913) married July 10, 1938, Margaret Gatlin. Mr. Amory is president of L. D. Amory and Sons Seafood Company, Hampton, Virginia. Residence: Indian River Park, Virginia. Issue:

III. (1) Charles Reginald Amory, Jr. (b. June 19, 1940)

(2) Lorenzo Dolby Amory, II (b. Dec. 17, 1943)

- (6) Winifred Lawson Amory (b. April 3, 1917) married July 4, 1937, Christopher Columbus De Alba. Mr. De Alba is associated with John H. Lawson in the produce business. Issue:

III. (1) Muriel Jean De Alba (b. Dec. 17, 1938)

(2) Caroline Ann De Alba (b. Jan. 30, 1944)

I. (7)

Gertie Maude Amory (b. July 2, 1882) married Dec. 23, 1903, Henry S. Buchanan, son of Frank Buchanan and Virginia Buchanan. Mr. Buchanan is a retired employee of the Newport News Dry Dock and Shipbuilding Company. Residence: Hampton, Virginia. Baptist. Democrat. Issue:

- II. (1) Elizabeth Virginia Buchanan (b. Nov. 23, 1904) married Sept. 9, 1943, Roy Little. Mrs. Little was educated at Madison College. They reside in Baltimore, Maryland, where Mr. Little is employed by the War Department as a supervisor of electrical installations.
- (2) Katherine Amelia Buchanan (b. Jan. 28, 1906) married Oct. 18, 1930, Albert Faris. Mrs. Faris was educated at Madison College. They reside in Petersburg, Virginia, where Mr. Faris is superintendent of the Texas Oil Company. Issue:

III. (1) Albert Faris, Jr. (b. Nov. 10, 1931)

(2) Richard Buchanan Faris (b. Jan. 15, 1935)

- (3) Edna Lee Amory Buchanan (b. Aug. 21, 1909) married Aug. 20, 1937, Winder Violette. Mrs. Violette was educated at Farmville Teacher's College. They reside in Hampton, Virginia, where Mr. Violette is employed by the Newport News Shipyard and Dry Dock Company. Issue:

III. (1) Elizabeth Ann Violette (b. Sept. 29, 1941)

I. (8)

William Herbert Amory (b. Feb. 10, 1885) married Feb. 20, 1903, Minnie Ercell Forrest, daughter of Lemuel M. D. Forrest and Missouri Watkins Forest. Mr. and Mrs. Amory reside in Messick, Virginia; Mr. Amory is proprietor of W. H. Amory lumber business in Hampton, Virginia. Methodist. Democrat. Issue:

II. (1) Helen Forrest Amory (b. Sept. 12, 1905, d. Dec. 26, 1937) married June 23, 1923, Robert Stephen Holloway. Mrs. Holloway was educated at Farmville State Teacher's College. Mr. Holloway is employed by the Newport News Shipyard and Dry Dock Company. Issue:

III. (1) Duanne Holloway (b. Jan. 10, 1931)

(2) Evelyn Leon Amory (b. June 15, 1907) married April 29, 1923, Henry Stewart Clark, Sr., now deceased. Issue:

III. (1) Henry Stewart Clark, Jr. (b. Mar. 9, 1932)

(3) Anna Charline Amory (b. Mar. 13, 1914) married Dec. 24, 1930, Donald William Ward. Mr. Ward is an employee of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company. Residence: Messick, Virginia. Issue:

III. (1) Jeannine Amory Ward (b. Jan. 6, 1932)

(2) Donald William Ward (b. Aug. 22, 1936)

(3) Annie Marie Ward (b. Sept. 3, 1945)

I. (9)

Otis Taylor Amory (b. Jan. 13, 1888) married April 21, 1915, Marcie Hewell Tuck (b. Mar. 31, 1890), daughter of David and Rosa Crowder Tuck. Mrs. Amory is a graduate of Blackstone College, a member of the D.A.R., Daughter of the American Colonist, served as a captain of the Newport News Motor Corps of the ARC during World War II, and is otherwise active in church and community organizations. Dr. Amory was graduated from Randolph-Macon Academy in 1909, from the Medical College of Virginia in 1913, and took post-graduate work at New York University. He was a captain in the Medical Corps, USA, in World War I, Fellow American College of Surgeons, and Fellow Southeastern Surgical Congress. He is included in Tyler's biography of prominent Virginians. Methodist. Democrat. Issue:

II. (1) Otis Taylor Amory, Jr. (b. Feb. 7, 1922) was graduated from Randolph-Macon Academy and has attended Randolph-Macon College and at present is a fourth-year student at the University of Virginia.

Served in U. S. Naval Air Corps as gunner and pilot in World War II. Methodist. Democrat. Unmarried.

I. (10)

Capres Potts Amory (b. May 23, 1891) married Oct. 18, 1916, Mary Beckham Settle of Flint Hill, Virginia, daughter of Judge George W. Settle and Minnie Beckham Settle. Mrs. Amory was graduated from Madison College. Mr. Amory was graduated from Randolph-Macon Academy, Randolph-Macon College, and Columbia University. He is a yacht broker of Newport News, Virginia. Residence: Hilton Village, Virginia. Methodist. Democrat. Issue:

II. (1) James Franklin Amory (b. Oct. 28, 1917) married Aug. 4, 1942, Margaret Ross. Mr. Amory was graduated from Randolph-Macon College, received his M.A. and M.B.A. from Harvard University, and is now attending Columbia University where he is working toward a Ph.D. He was a captain, AUS, World War II. Mrs. Amory is a graduate of Radcliffe College where she was formerly secretary to the Dean. She served as a lieutenant in the WAVES, World War II.

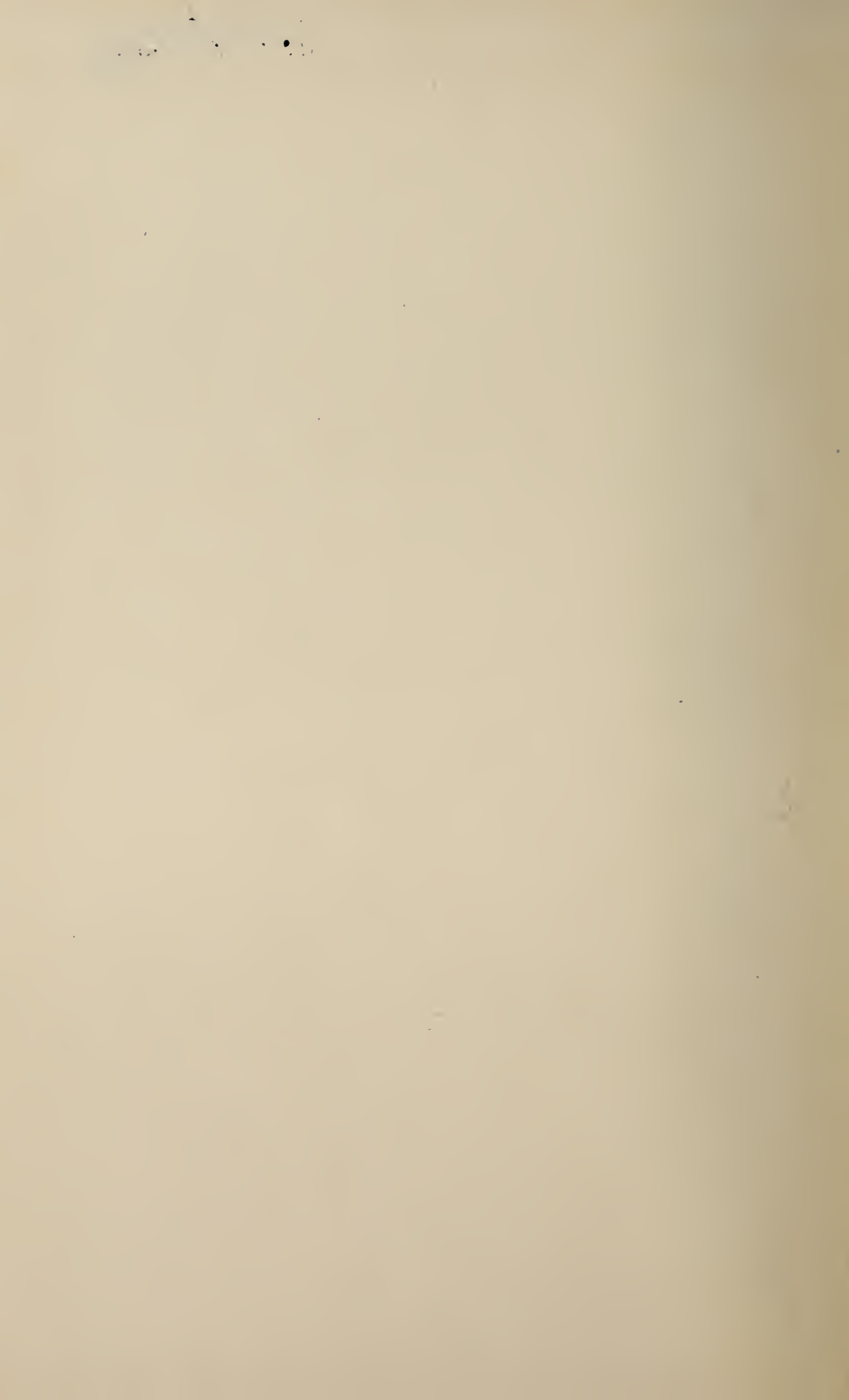
I. (11)

Lloyd Reginald Amory (b. Jan. 18, 1894, d. Feb. 24, 1933) married Dec. 14, 1920, Althea Nottingham, daughter of Southey Nottingham and Nora Robins Nottingham. Mr. Amory was educated at Randolph-Macon Academy and Randolph-Macon College. Prior to his death he was employed by the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company. Mrs. Amory is a Registered Nurse, a graduate of the Elizabeth Buxton Hospital Nursing School. Residence: Newport News, Virginia. Issue:

II. (1) Lloyd Reginald Amory, Jr. (b. Jan. 13, 1922). He attended the Merchant Marine Academy and is at present a student at Young Harris College, Georgia. He served as a petty officer in the USNR, World War II. Unmarried.

This effort toward assembling the Amory genealogy is only the beginning. I am leaving it to some member of the family who is more historically inclined than I to complete the record.

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